



"Heaven
unveiled."



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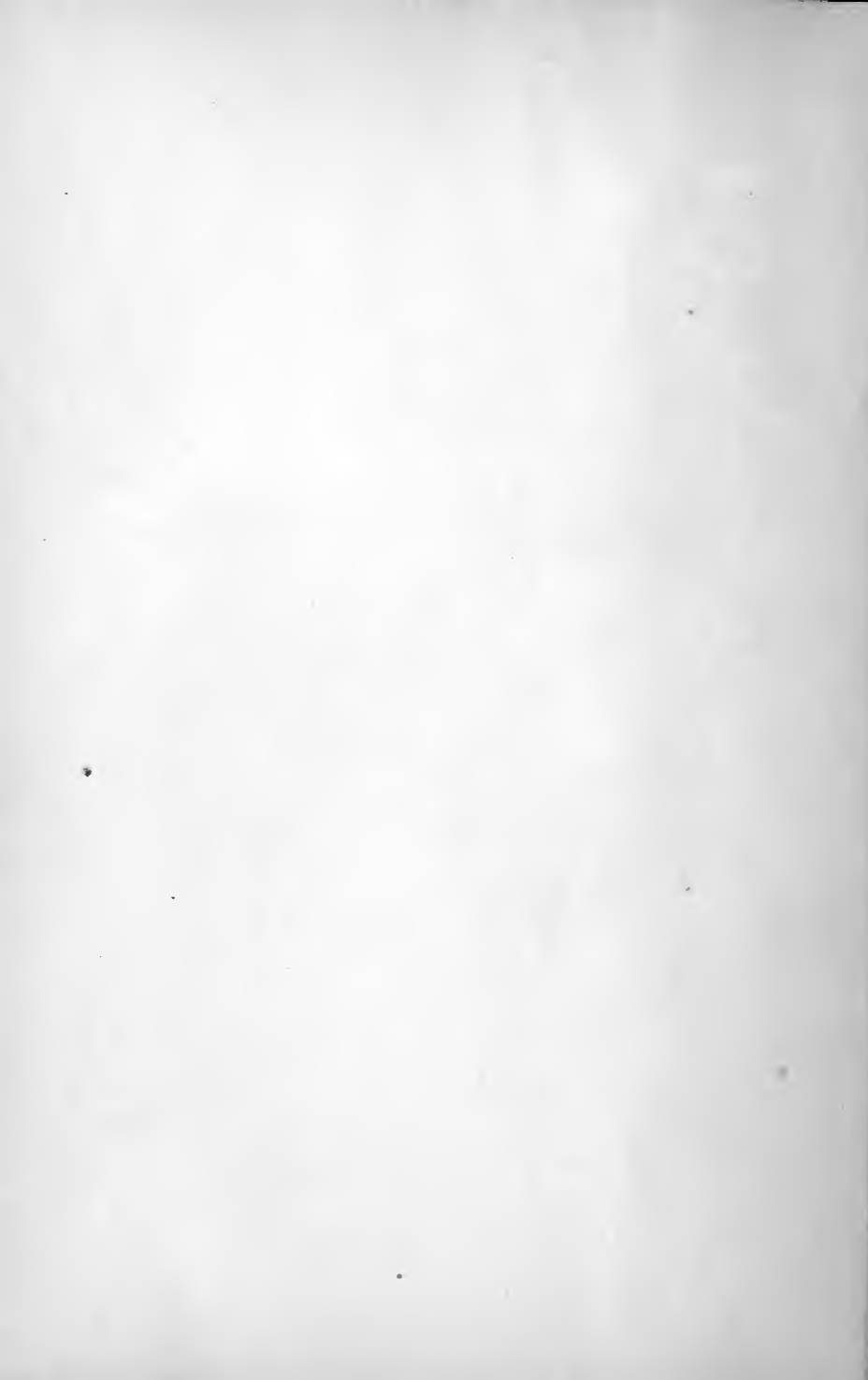
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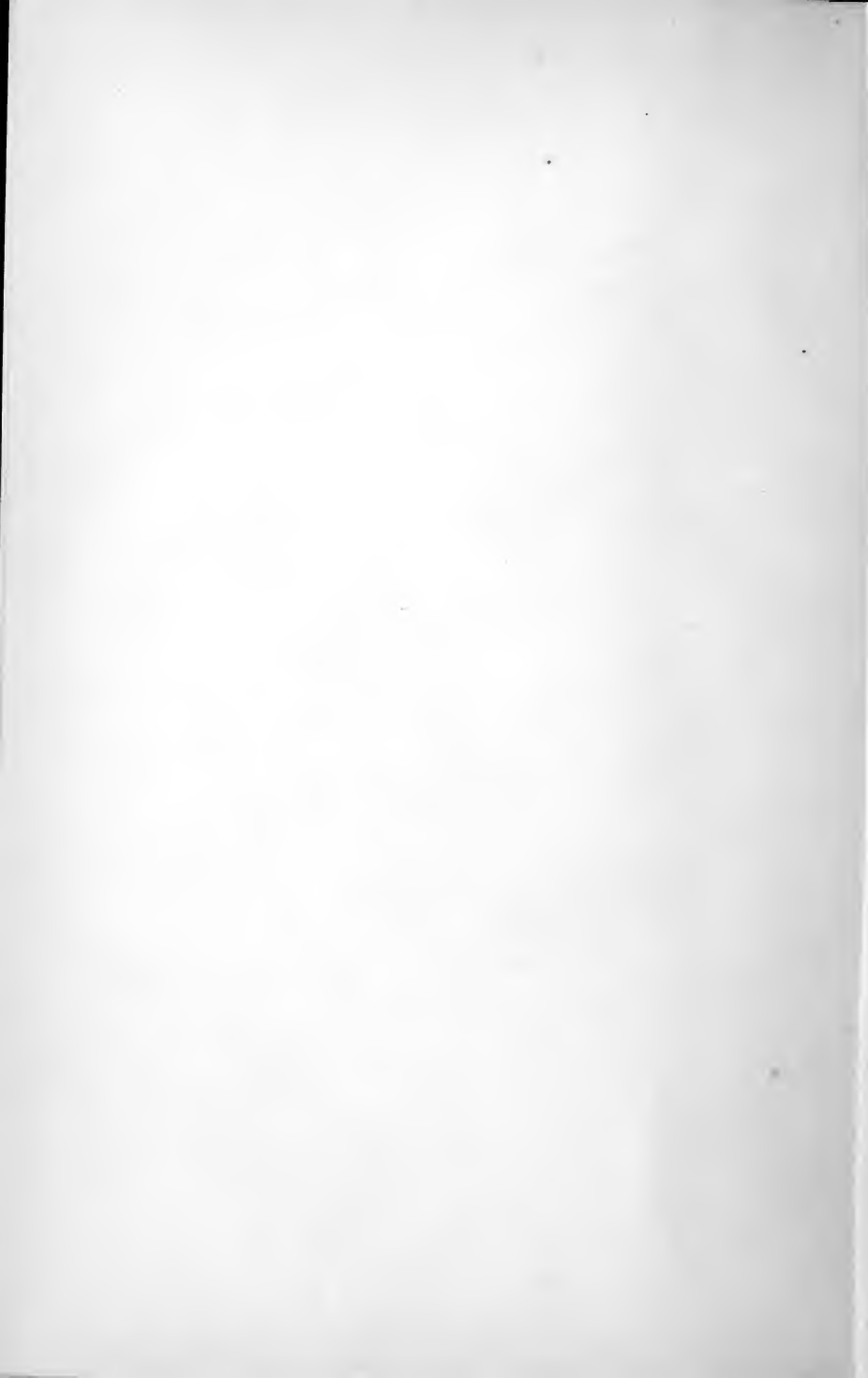
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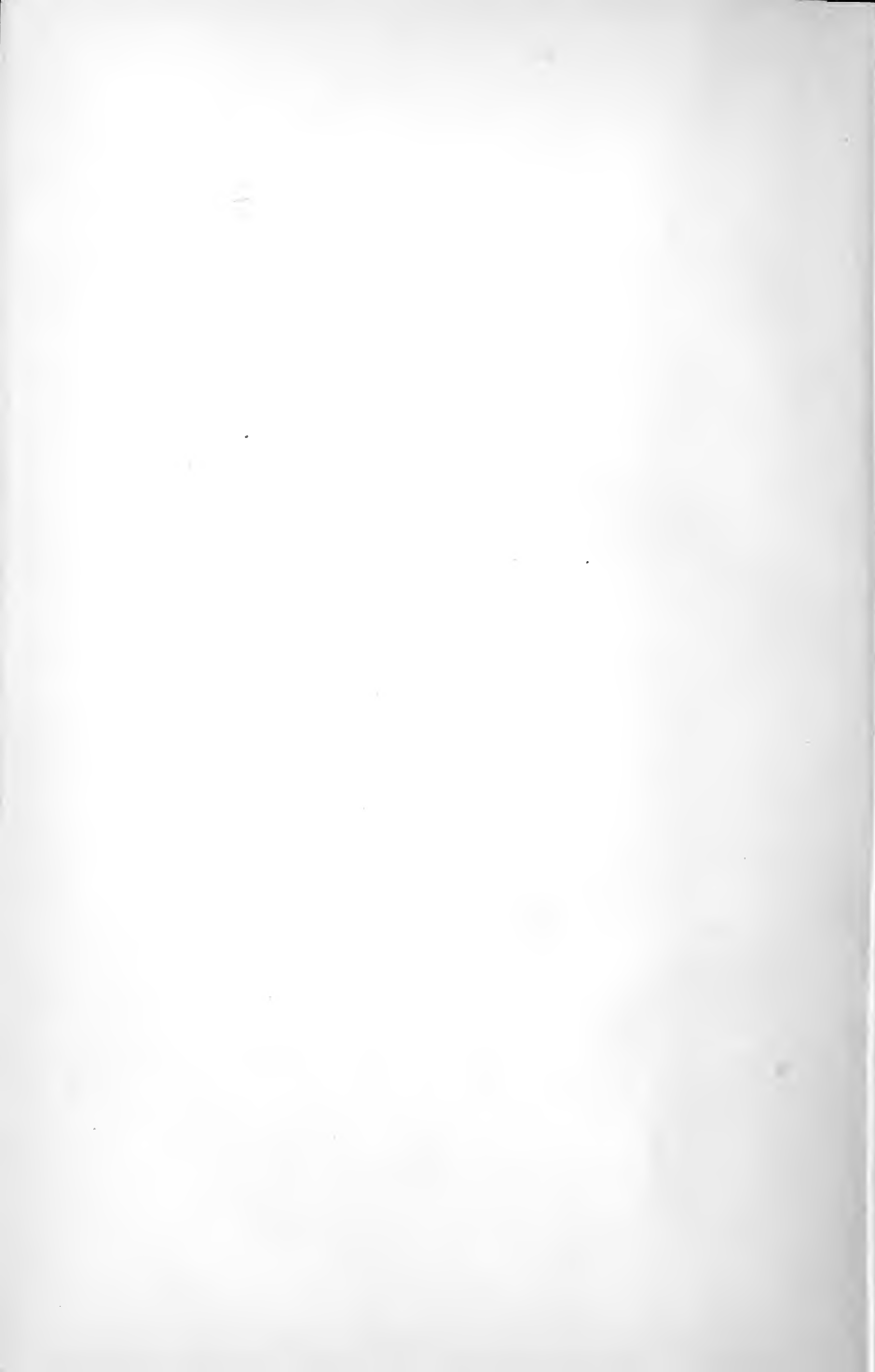
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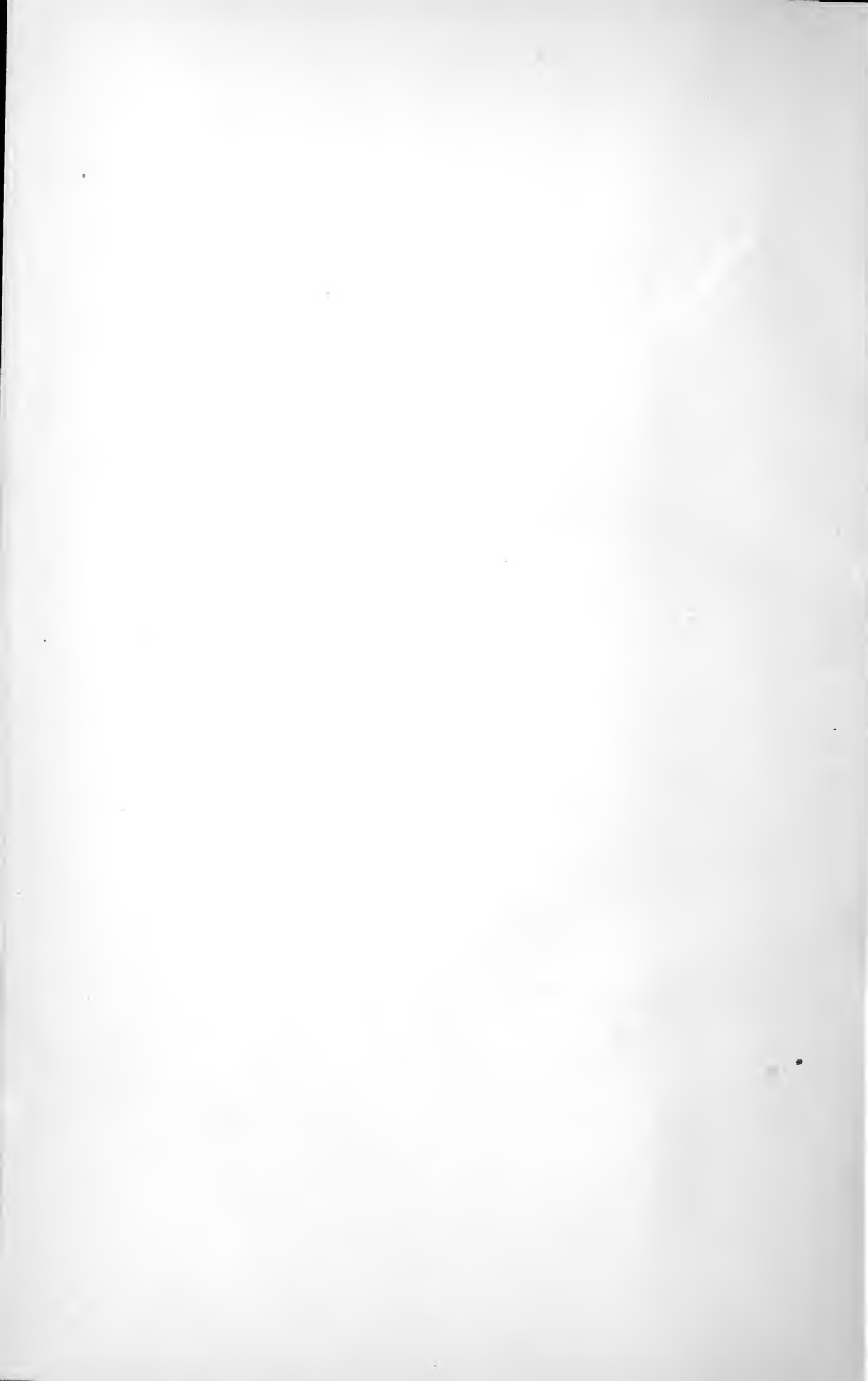
















C. 125. A¹

HEAVEN UNVEILED:

EMBRACING

The Reunion and Recognition of Friends,

THEIR EMPLOYMENT AND SOURCES OF HAPPINESS
IN THE CHRISTIAN'S FUTURE HOME.

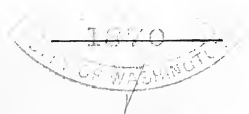
WITH

*TESTIMONY OF THE BIBLE, AND THE VIEWS AND
CONVICTIONS OF NEARLY FORTY EMINENT
DIVINES, POETS, AND PHILOSOPHERS
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.*

BY

17
M. ROLAND MARKHAM,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE DIVINE," ETC.



SYRACUSE, N. Y.:

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TO THE READER.

“ Is heaven a name, or a reality ?
A sinless world, or but a state of rest ?
An Eden that the saints shall one day see,
Or but a pleasant dreaming of the blest ? ”

How many homes have been broken up ; how many happy unions severed ; how many hopes crushed ; how many prospects blighted, and how many families stricken by the hand of death ! In many circles bereavements have been of so frequent occurrence, that already more than half the number that once surrounded the old hearthstone have passed away. Sorrowing friends followed them down to the waters of Jordan, but could accompany them no farther. They have disappeared in the darkness of death.

Shall we recognize our friends in the world to come ? is a question of great interest to all, especially to those who are to-day mourning their “ beloved dead,” and who are journeying with hope towards the “ better land.” Our affection does not cease when the grave closes over those we love, but reaches far beyond it ; and how often in our imaginations we follow our friends to the “ City of our God,” and walk with them over the fields of bliss !

“ All arrayed in spotless white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun ;
Foremost of the sons of light,
And nearest th’ eternal throne.”

TO THE READER.

The cold philosopher and the caviller tell us that in the world to come we shall have lost our identity, and consequently all earthly affection, and that we shall meet as strangers—as the poet has it :

“ Some tell us that earthly love must die,
Nor enter the heavenly land ;
That friendship is lost above the sky,
Midst the happy and joyous band.”

The hopeful Christian tells us that love is stronger than death, and that we shall retain our identity and recognize each other in heaven.

As bearing directly upon this great subject, so fraught with interest to all, we have introduced in full the views, feelings, and testimony of nearly forty of the most eminent poets, philosophers, and divines of ancient and modern times. Nor have we failed to present the more conclusive and inspired testimony of the Bible, whose authority over all others is supreme.

Our object in writing the poem has been to present not only the blessed truth of the reunion of saints and friends, but chiefly to set forth and describe—as only the divine art of Poesy can do—the peculiar beauties and attractions of heaven ; making it not merely a pleasant state of objectless existence, but a perfect world, possessing not only all that is desirable in this, but splendors, glories, beauties, and joys as much superior as the mind in its loftiest flights can imagine. Thus we may regard heaven as something tangible, worth living for, the attainment of which is an object of supreme desire.

M. R. M.

HEAVEN UNVEILED.

"I count the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair of transitory hue,
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew,
And loved, and walked with in communion kind,
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true;
And much, we deem, the Holy Word to view
Unfolds—an antidote for grief designed,
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis thus we read
The Book of Life; but if we read amiss,
By God prepared, fresh treasures shall succeed,
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
Of joy; nor aught the longing spirit need,
To fill its measure of unmingled bliss!"—*Mant.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

The evening preceding the death of Luther, his friends being gathered around to witness his departure, and being anxious to know his mind respecting mutual recognition in the world to come, asked him the following question:

"Whether in the future blessed and eternal assembly and church, we shall know each other?"

To which he replied—

"How did Adam do?"

He had never in his life seen Eve. He lay and slept, yet when he awoke, he did not say, whence did you come? who are you? But he said, "This is now bone of my

bone, and flesh of my flesh." How did he know that this woman did not spring forth from a stone? He knew it because he was full of the Holy Spirit, and in possession of the true knowledge of God.

Into this knowledge and image we will, in the future life, again be renewed in Christ; so that we will know father, mother, on sight, better than did Adam and Eve. Also previous to this, when he lost his daughter Magdalen, he said to his afflicted companion:

"Dear Catharine, console thyself; think where our daughter is gone, for sure she has passed happily into peace. The flesh bleeds, doubtless, for such is its nature; but the spirit lives, and goes to the place of its wishes. Children do not dispute; what we tell them, they believe. With them all is simplicity and truth. They die without pain or grief, without struggling, without temptations assailing them, without bodily suffering, just as though they were merely going to sleep."

Then, as he looked upon her, he said:

"Dear child, thou wilt rise again; thou wilt shine like a star—ay, like the sun. * * I am joyful in spirit, but O, how sad in the flesh! 'Tis marvellous I should know she is certainly at rest, that she is well, and yet that I should be so sad."

On the same subject he writes thus to Jonas:

"You will have heard of the new birth into the kingdom of Christ of my daughter Magdalen. Though my wife and I ought, in reality, to have no other feeling than one of profound gratitude for her happy escape from the power of the flesh, the world, the Turk, and the devil, yet the force of natural affection is so great, that we cannot sup-

port our loss without constant weeping and bitter sorrow—a thorough death of the heart, so to speak. We have ever before us her features, her words, her gestures, her every action in life and on her death bed—my darling, my all-dutiful, all-obedient daughter! Even the death of Christ—and what are all other deaths in comparison with that?—cannot tear her from my thoughts as it ought to do. *

* * She was, as you well know, all gentleness, amiability and tenderness.”

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

—*Longfellow.*

I must confess, as the experience of my own soul, that the expectation of loving my friends in heaven, kindled my love to them on earth. If I thought I should never know them, and consequently never love them after this life is ended, I should in reason number them with temporal things, and love them as such. But I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall converse with them forever; and I take comfort in those of them who are dead or absent, as believing I shall shortly meet with them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall there be perfected. His cotemporary and friend, John Eliot, for many months before he died, would often say that he was shortly going to heaven, and that he would carry a deal of good news with him. He said he would carry tidings to the old founders of New England, who were now in glory, that church-work was yet carried on among us; that the number of our churches was continually increasing, and that the churches were still kept as big as they were, by the daily additions of those who shall be saved.—*Baxter*.

That it should ever have been doubted whether the inhabitants of the spiritual world recognize each other in that abode, is but an example of the wide influence of unbelief, suggesting the strangest dimness wherever the Scripture had not spoken in the most explicit words, even though the obvious reason for which the words had not been spoken was, that to speak them was needless. Why should not the departed recognize and be recognized? How can their very nature and being be so utterly changed

that they should be able to exist in the same world, to remember, and to be a general assembly, a church, a society, without recognition? If the future life is the sequel, and result, and retribution of the present, how can recognition fail? Not a step can we proceed, not a conception can we form, not a statement of Divine revelation can we clearly embrace in our contemplations of the future life, without admitting or involving the necessity of mutual recognition, as well as mutual remembrance and affection. Were Moses and Elias unknown each to the other? Did the martyrs below the altar utter the same cry, without knowing the history of their companions, each a stranger amongst strangers? Was Abraham a stranger to Lazarus, or was Lazarus seen and known by the rich man only? Could those who watch for souls render an account for them with joy or grief, and yet not know their doom? Could Christian converts be the "glory and joy" of an apostle at the coming of the Lord, if he knew them not? Could the patriarchs be seen in the kingdom of God by none but those who should be shut out? All proceeds on the supposition of just such knowledge there as here. It is probable, indeed, that the human soul must always clothe itself with form, even in the separate state; and such a form would bear the same impress which had been given to the mortal body. There is no extravagance in the wish of Dr. Randolph to know Cowper above from his picture here, or in the same thought as expressed in the verses of Southey on the portrait of Heber.—*Burgess.*

It has been asked, shall we know each other in heaven? Suppose you should not; you may be assured of this, that nothing will be wanting to your happiness. But oh! you say, how would the thought affect me now! There is the babe that was torn from my bosom; how lovely then, but a cherub now! There is the friend, who was as my own soul, with whom I took sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company. There is the minister—whose preaching turned my feet into the paths of peace—whose words were to me a well of life. There is the beloved mother, on whose knees I first laid my little hands to pray, and whose lips first taught my tongue to pronounce the name of Jesus! And are these removed from us forever? Shall we recognize them no more? Cease your anxieties. Can memory be annihilated? Did not Peter, James and John know Moses and Elias? Does not the Saviour inform us that the friends, benefactors have made of the mammon of unrighteousness, shall receive them into everlasting habitations? Does not Paul tell the Thessalonians that they are his hope, and joy, and crown, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?—*Jay.*

It has been asked whether, in this blessed abode, the saints will know one another? One should think that the question was unnecessary, as the answer naturally presents itself to every man's mind; and it could only have occurred to some dreaming Theologian, who in his airy speculations, has soared far beyond the sphere of reason and common sense. Who can doubt whether the saints will know one

another? What reason can be given why they should not? Would it be any part of their perfection to have all their former ideas obliterated, and to meet as strangers in the other world? Would it give us a more favorable notion of the assembly in heaven, to suppose it to consist of a multitude of unknown individuals, who never hold communication with each other; or by some inexplicable restraint are prevented, amidst an intimate intercourse, from mutual discoveries? Or have they forgotten what they themselves were, so that they cannot reveal it to their associates? What would be gained by this ignorance, no man can tell; but we can tell what would be lost by it. They would lose all the happiness of meeting again, on the peaceful shore, those from whom they were separated by the storms of life; of seeing among the trophies of Divine grace, many of whom they had despaired, and for whose sakes they had gone down with sorrow to the grave; of knowing the good which they have been honored to do, and being surrounded with the individuals who had been saved by means of their prayers, and instructions and labors. How could those whom he had been the instrument of converting and building up in the holy faith, be to the minister of the Gospel a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of the Lord, if he did not recognize them when standing at his side? The saints will be free from the turbulence of passion, but innocent affections will remain; and could they spend eternal ages without asking, Are our children here? Are our still dearer relatives here? Have our friends, with whom we took sweet counsel together, found their way to this country, to which we traveled in company till death parted us.—*Dick.*

How shall I know thee, in the sphere that keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead—
Where all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ;
That heart, whose fondest throbs to me were given ?
My name, on earth, was ever in thy prayer ;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of th' unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last—
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

If we hear him [Paul] here, we shall certainly see him hereafter ; if not as standing near him, yet see him we certainly shall, glistening near the throne of the King. Where the cherubim sing the glory, where the seraphim are flying, there shall we see Paul with Peter, both as a chief and leader of the choir of the saints, and shall enjoy his generous love.—*Chrysostom.*

The clay which we commit to the grave under that universal sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," will be quickened again, and resume, even after the slumber of ages, the organization, the lineaments, the expression of that self-same human being with whom we were conversant upon earth: otherwise it were a new creation, and not a resurrection; and it will be re-animated by that self-same spirit which forsook it at death: otherwise it were a different being altogether, and not the one with whom, under that form, we held sweet communion in this life, and walked to the house of God in company. It has, indeed, been questioned whether Christian friends shall know each other in the world of the risen. But why not? Did not the disciples know the Lord Jesus after his resurrection? Did they not know him at the moment of his ascension? Shall the body which he wore upon the earth, be the only one recognized in heaven? If Peter and Paul, if James and John, shall not be able to distinguish each other, upon what principle shall they be able to distinguish their Lord? And why should the body be raised at all, if the associations with which its re-appearance is connected, are broken and lost?—*Mason*.

For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this my earnest desire confined to these excellent persons alone, with whom I was formerly connected. I ardently

wish to visit also those celebrated worthies, of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing, and I would not be turned back on my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should be again restored. O, glorious day, when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to assemble with the divine congregation of departed spirits; and not with those only whom I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men. It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when, by the course of nature, I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me in its flight to those happy mansions to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had maintained: it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.—*Cicero.*

If the common expression be true, that death conveys us to those regions which are inhabited by the spirits of departed men, will it not be unspeakably happy to escape from the hands of merely nominal judges, and appear before those who truly deserve the name—such as Minos and Rhodamanthus, and to associate with all who have maintained the cause of truth and rectitude? Is it possible for

you to look upon this as an unimportant journey? Is it nothing to converse with Orpheus, and Homer, and Hesiod? Believe me, I would cheerfully suffer many deaths on condition of realizing such privilege. With what pleasure could I leave the world, to hold communion with Polamide, Ajax, and others who, like me, have had an unjust sentence pronounced upon them! Then would I explain the wisdom of Ulysses, Syssipus and that illustrious chief who led on the army of the Greek against the city of Troy. Nor should I be condemned to death for indulging, as I have done here, in free inquiry. He then lifted the fatal hemlock to his lips, and drank the same with amazing tranquillity, then laid himself down to die.—*Socrates.*

Who, finding himself in a strange country, does not earnestly desire to return to his fatherland? Who, about to sail in haste for his home, does not long for a friendly wind, that he may the sooner throw his arms around the beloved ones? We believe Paradise to be our fatherland; our parents are the patriarchs: why should we not haste and fly to see our home and greet our parents? A great host of beloved friends awaits us there, a numerous and various crowd; parents, children, brethren, who are secure in a blessed immortality, and only concerned for us, are looking with desire for our arrival. To see and embrace these—what a mutual joy will this be to us and to them! What bliss, without the fear of death, to live eternally in the heavenly kingdom! How vast, and of eternal duration, is our celestial blessedness! There is the glori-

ous choir of the apostles ; there the host of joyful prophets ; there the innumerable company of the martyrs, crowned on account of their victories in the conflict of suffering ; there, in triumph, are the five virgins ; there the merciful, who have fed and blessed the poor, and, according to their Lord's direction, have exchanged earthly for heavenly treasures, now receive their glorious reward. To these, dearly beloved brethren, let us hasten with strong desire, and ardently wish soon to be with them and with Christ.—*Cyprian*.

If we are sorrowing under a misfortune—of which this world affords no alleviation, the death of those most dear to us—let us humbly offer to our God the beloved whom we have lost. And what, after all, have we lost?—the remaining days of a being, whom we indeed loved, but whose happiness we do not consider in our regret ; who, perhaps, was not happy here, but who certainly must be much happier with God ; and whom we SHALL MEET AGAIN, not in this dark and sorrowful scene, but in the bright regions of eternal day, and partake in the inexpressible happiness of eternity.

He has placed the friends whom he has taken from us in safety, to restore them to us in eternity. He has deprived us of them, that he may teach us to love them with a pure love, a love that we may enjoy in his presence forever ; he confers a greater blessing than we were capable of desiring.

Very soon they who are separated will be re-united, and there will appear no trace of the separation. They who

are about to set out upon a journey, ought not to feel themselves far distant from those who have gone to the same country a few days before. Life is like a torrent ; the past is but a dream ; the present, while we are thinking of it, escapes us, and is precipitated into the same abyss that has swallowed up the past ; the future will not be of a different nature ; it will pass as rapidly. A few moments, and a few more, and all will be ended ; what has appeared long and tedious, will seem short when it is finished.—*Fenelon*.

Can we not with David rejoicingly declare, “They cannot come to us, but we can go to them?” Yes, we can go to them. “They are not lost, but gone before.” There, in that world of light, and love and joy, they await our coming. There do they beckon us to ascend. There do they stand, ready to welcome us. There may we meet them, when a few more suns or seasons shall have cast their departing shadows upon our silent grave. Then shall our joy be full, and our sorrows ended, and all tears wiped from our eyes.

Death separates, but it can never disunite those who are bound together in Christ Jesus. To them, death in his power of an endless separation, is abolished. It is no more death, but a sweet departure, a journey from earth to heaven. Our children are still ours. We are still their parents. We are yet one family—one in memory—one in hope—one in spirit. Our children are yet with us, and dwell with us in our sweetest, fondest recollections. We,

too, are yet with them in the bright anticipations of our reunion with them in the glories of the upper sanctuary.—*Smith.*

If your friends live in the fear of God and depart in the Christian faith, they may be sure to come thither, where you shall be; even unto the glorious kingdom of God, where you shall both see them, know them, talk with them, and be much more joyful with them than ever you were in this world.

Shall the knowledge of God's elect and chosen people be less in the kingdom of God than it is in this world? We, being in this corruptible body, know one another, when we see not God but with the eye of faith; and shall we not know one another after that we have put off this sinful body and see God face to face, in the sight of whom is the knowledge of all things? We shall be like the glorious angels of heaven who know one another; can it, then, come to pass that one of us may not know another? Shall we be equal with the angels in other things, and inferior unto them in knowing one another? We shall know and see Christ as he is, who is the wisdom, image and brightness of the heavenly Father; and shall the knowledge of one another be hidden from us? We are members all of one body, and shall we not know one another?

We shall know our Head, which is Christ, and shall we not know ourselves? We shall be citizens of one heavenly city, where continual light shall be; and shall we be overwhelmed with such darkness that we shall not see and know one another? They that in this world continue

together in one place but for a season, know one another ; and shall we, who forever shall continue together, singing, praising and magnifying the Lord our God, not know one another ? They that are in one household, and serve one lord and master, know one another in this world ; and shall we not know one another, who, in the kingdom of heaven shall continually serve the Lord our God together, with one spirit and with one mind ? There is a certain knowledge one of another here on the earth, even amongst the unreasonable and brute beasts ; and shall our senses be so darkened in the life to come that we, being immortal, incorruptible, and like unto the angels of God, yea, seeing God face to face, shall not know one another ? We shall know God as he is ; and shall we not know one another ? Adam, before he sinned, being in the state of innocence, knew Eve so soon as God brought her unto him, and called her by her name ; and shall not we, being in heaven, where we shall be in a much more blessed and perfect state than ever Adam was in paradise, know one another ? Shall our knowledge be inferior to Adam's knowledge in paradise ?

When Christ was transfigured on Mount Tabor, his disciples, Peter, James and John, did not only know Christ, but also Moses and Elias, who talked there with Christ, whom, notwithstanding, they had never seen nor known in the flesh. Whereof we may learn, that when we come to behold the glorious majesty of the great God, we shall not only know our Saviour Christ, and such as we were acquainted with in this world, but also all the elect and chosen people of God, who have been from the beginning of the world. As the holy apostle saith, ye are come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly

Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in Heaven, and to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the New Testament. When we are once come into that heavenly Jerusalem, we shall, without all doubt, both see and know all the holy and most blessed company of the patriarchs, prophets, apostles and martyrs, with all others of the faithful. As we are all members of one body, whereof Jesus Christ is the head, so shall we know one another, rejoice together, and be glad with one another.—*Bacon.*

If this [Col. 1 : 28] be rightly interpreted, then it affords the manifest and necessary inference, that the saints in a future life will meet and be known again to one another : for how, without knowing again his converts in their new and glorious state, could St. Paul desire or expect to present them at the last day?—*Paley.*

I want to go to Heaven. It is an inexpressibly glorious place. The more I think of it, the more delightful it appears, and I want to see who is there. I want to see brother Sanford, and brother Niles, and brother Spring, and Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. West, and a great many other ministers with whom I have been associated in this world, but who have gone before me. I believe I shall meet them in heaven ; and it seems to me our meeting there must be

peculiarly interesting. I want to see, too, the old prophets and the apostles. What a society there will be in Heaven! There we shall see such men as Moses, and Isaiah, and Elijah, and David, and Paul. I want to see Paul more than any man I can think of.—*Emmons*.

When Calvin was near his end, Farel, his early and faithful friend, and now a venerable sage of eighty years, desired once more to see him in the flesh. Calvin dissuaded him—though he did, nevertheless, afterwards come from Neufchatel to Genoa on foot, to see his friend once more and for the last time. In his letter to Farel, in which he takes his final leave from him, as he then supposed, he says:

God bless you, best and noblest brother; and if God permits you still longer to live, forget not the tie that binds us, which will be just as agreeable to us in Heaven as it has been useful to the church on earth.—*Calvin*.

When we come to Heaven we shall meet with all those excellent persons, those brave minds, those innocent and charitable souls, whom we have seen, and heard, and read of in the world. There we shall meet many of our dear relations and intimate friends, and perhaps with many of our enemies, to whom we shall then be perfectly reconciled, notwithstanding all the warm contests and peevish differences which we had with them in this world, even about

matters of religion ; for Heaven is a state of perfect love and friendship.

It is yet but a little while, and we shall be delivered from the burden and the conflict, and, with all those who have preceded us in the righteous struggle, enjoy the deep rapture of a Mediator's presence. Then, re-united to the friends with whom we took sweet counsel upon earth, we shall recount our toil only to heighten our ecstasy ; and call to mind the tug and the din of war, only that, with a more bounding throb and a richer song, we may feel and celebrate the wonders of redemption.—*Melville*.

Go where we will, we find the sentiment that friendship is perpetuated beyond the grave. It is enshrined in the heart of our common Christianity. The pure, unsophisticated belief of the vast majority of the followers of Christ, is in union with the yearnings of natural affection, which follows its object through the portals of the grave into the eternal world. What but this causes the Christian parent, in the dying hour, to charge his beloved children to prepare for a re-union before the throne of the Lamb ? He desires to meet them there, and to rejoice with them in the victory over sin and death. The widow, bending in bitter bereavement over the grave of him whom God has taken, meekly puts the cup of sorrow to her lips, with the assured confidence that the separation wrought by death is tran-

sient, and that they who sleep in Jesus shall together inherit the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Thus the wormwood and the gall are tempered by the sweet balm of hope, and heaven wins the attraction which earth has lost.

Tell me, ye who have seen the open tomb receive into its bosom the sacred trust committed to its keeping in hope of the first resurrection; you who have heard the sullen rumbling of the death-clods, as they dropped upon the coffin lid, and told you that earth had gone back to earth; when the separation from the object of your love was realized in all the desolation of bereavement, next to the thought that ere long you should see Christ as he is, and be like him, was not that consolation strongest which assured you that the departed one whom God had put from you into darkness, would run to meet you when you crossed the threshold of mortality, and with the holy rapture to which the redeemed alone can give utterance, lead you to the exalted Saviour, and with you bow at his feet, and cast the conqueror's crown before him.—*Berg.*

There is no difficulty in believing that, on the part of saints in Heaven, an acquaintance with us is kept up. We have lost them for a time, but they have not lost us. As they have gone higher, they have capacities and privileges which we, who are still beneath them, have not; and this may extend to a constant oversight and interest in us. This sense is as natural as any other to the passage, "Then shall I know even as I also am known." We are now

known to them ; but when we enter the state in which they now are, then shall we know them as they now know us.

The Old Testament saints are represented as a crowd of witnesses around us, like the crowd which bent down from all sides upon the race-ground in the Olympic games. According to this allusion of the apostle, they are around us, not merely as examples, but as interested spectators. That we are not conscious of this, does not prove its improbability ; for the lower orders of nature that are beneath us are not aware of our perfect knowledge of them, neither do they know us ; and yet we know them, their nature, habits, prospects and destiny. In like manner we have reason, and also intimations of Scripture, to confirm in us the belief that our sainted friends are bending an interested eye of love over us in all our earthly pilgrimage ; that they keep up a tender and affectionate acquaintance with us, and stand ready, when we fail on earth, to receive us into the arms of holy and eternal love, at the very gates of the heavenly paradise. Or must we believe that they are less interested in us than the rich man in hell was for his five brethren ?

Even if saints do not and cannot behold and follow us with personal attention, they can still keep up an acquaintance with us in our earthly history, through the angels. Angels are the constant companions of the blest in heaven, and they are also upon the earth, "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." In heaven they "do always behold the face" of our Father ; and on earth they "encamp around our dwellings," and attend us to "keep us in all our ways." As on Jacob's mystic ladder, they are constantly descending from heaven to earth, and ascending from earth to heaven ; thus keeping

alive the fellowship of love on both sides of the mysterious veil!

Can we for a moment believe that, if the saints above are still interested in us, there are no inquiries of returning angels in regard to us, and that our sainted friends do not thus keep themselves informed as to our state and life? It is not only said that angels themselves are interested in the saints on earth, but that “there is joy *in the presence of* the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.” Who are these that rejoice in the presence of the angels, over a converted sinner? Are they not the sainted friends of the sinner; they who, while on earth, often prayed for his conversion, and in remembrance of whose faith, and in answer to whose prayers, God has sent forth to him his converting grace?

Our relation with the spirit-world, and our participation in its sympathies, is most intimate and endearing; it is only the benumbing influence of dull sense that keeps us from feeling it. The very reverence which we feel towards the unseen spirits of the dead, proclaims the power of their influence over us. Though this feeling is dark and unintelligible to us, it is not so to them. We live in the midst and under the constant power of mysterious unseen influences, which strongly declare the fact that we are in a sphere of existence influenced by a higher world, and under the attention of higher intelligences, who are ever drawing us to themselves; and, soon as the separation of soul and body—the natural and finite from the spiritual and infinite—shall take place in death, we shall discover at once how awfully

and sweetly near we have always been to the dead, and how much we shared in their affectionate sympathies.

It is only when the infant becomes a man, that it fully sees and knows what the mother's eyes, arms and bosom were to it during its years of infantile helplessness. So when our spirits once break through the thin veil of this imperfect, earthly life which hides the world of spirits, into the full stature of celestial manhood, they will only fully understand those influences, the good of which they have always felt.

If such is the relation, and such the mutual sympathies between heaven and earth, it is in the highest degree reasonable that the holy ties of earthly affection pass unbroken through the change of death, and revive with new strength and beauty in the upper kingdom of love.

We take great pleasure in the conclusions to which these relations bring us. We delight greatly in the hope that the ties which bind us to our sainted friends are not broken in death; that while we are loving them still, they love us too; and while we long to find them again, they are watching with holy interest over us, and are alluring us, by sweet, mysterious influences, into their holy society, and into a participation, with them, of celestial joys. Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, we are animated to lay aside every weight—even to that of the body itself in death—that we may fly to their embraces, and be near them, as they are near the Lord.—*Harbough.*

Again has Autumn scattered over these precious mounds of earth her faded, leafy mantle. Lightly it rests upon their unobtrusive elevations, beneath which sleep some of earth's richest treasures.

And are these perishing mementoes all that remain of their deeply cherished worth? No! The halo of glory with which their virtues have encircled their memory, shall never fade away. Our heavenly Guide Book teaches us that "the memory of the just is blessed."

Then be still, my aching heart, and thankfully follow life's beaten path until we are permitted to meet again—to meet where their beautiful spirits are bathing in immortal love and immortal knowledge. They have passed through the "chances and changes" of this mortal life, and plumed their wings for an everlasting flight, where they can calmly review life's stormy sea, and contemplate their future blessedness in their eternal home. They sought the path that leads up to the city of God, and thus entered into joy and felicity, into an eternity vast and shoreless. They have entered the swelling stream of bliss, which is mysterious and fathomless.

Far beyond the troubled waters of time their ever-increasing capacity for enjoyment will perpetually rise, and fill to the brim their cup of felicity.

Imagination here droops her wearied pinions, yet still continues to wander in search of those beloved spirits which have soared to the invisible world, unwilling to break the chain that binds it to those so dearly loved, so fondly cherished. And although the wounded heart has passed through the hour when it bled at every ruptured tie; when cares and heavy woes pressed long upon its very existence until nought was left but meek sub-

mission; the belief that it again will meet and recognize, in a higher and holier state of existence, those so dearly loved upon the earth, buoys up the heart, and bids it look forward to its initiation into the celestial world, where the long-incarcerated soul shall be free, and independent of the feeble inlets of knowledge by the senses. When the veil of mortality shall be riven, the stormy Jordan passed, and the world of abiding realities entered,—then the world of deceptive and fleeting shadows will have forever passed away.

Sweet is it to hold converse with the pious dead. A holy influence emanates from their blissful home, and fills the soul with a feeling of sacred and solemn awe. The spirit whispers peace, and fills the waiting caverns of the soul with the bright hope of again meeting those whom we believe to be in the abodes of redeemed and happy spirits. In vivid expectancy it awaits the morning of the resurrection, and the happy reunion of kindred souls, where no tear of grief bedews the cheek, no agonizing farewell rends the heart; where a purer and holier love will fill the bosom than earth has ever known; where dwell our kindred with the wise and good of untold ages; where the “open ear of the soul” will obtain knowledge from patriarchs and angels; where our immortal spirits shall go free, and, wafted by angels’ wings, survey the boundless ocean of eternity.—*Norton.*

We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
And its walls decked with jewels most rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there !

Then let us, 'midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there !

Anonymous.

“ Christian friends re-united in the realms above, shall meet one another with complete and lively consciousness of their reciprocal attachment upon earth ; and with such recollections of the incidents of their mortal intercourse, as shall enhance the blessedness of eternity. This is the suggestion of reason ; this is the testimony of Scripture.

“ How mercifully vouchsafed, and how wisely calculated, are these assurances from the Supreme Disposer of our lot, to console His true servants when they behold a beloved companion, also His true servant, declining under the pressure of sickness, or deposited in the grave ! The loss is no longer for eternity. The suspension of intercourse is but for the remainder of the life of the survivor. The individual removed is the forerunner of those who remain.

“ He has reached the end of the journey a little sooner

than his fellow-travellers, and is awaiting them at the place of repose, toward which they are every moment advancing. Let the bereaved mourner persevere in his religious path, and the sweetest ties shall be rejoined. The restored connection shall be indissolvable. Misapprehensions, competition, coolness, vicissitudes, doubt, fear, are no more.

“The sun of affection shall no more be dimmed by earthly mists and exhalations. It shines forever with increasing lustre, pure as the new heavens in which it is enthroned. United feelings, associated pursuits, conjoined admirations of the work of God, participated delight in His dispensations, blend the renewed attachments into continually augmented firmness.

“The blessedness of our friend becomes the blessedness of the rest. The bliss of all is enlarging itself by reciprocity through never ending ages.”—*Gisborn*.

It is reasonable to believe that the saints shall know that they had such and such a relation to one another when they were on earth. The father shall know that such a one was his child; The husband shall remember that such a one was his wife; the spiritual guide shall know that such belonged to his flock; and so all other relations of persons shall be renewed and known in heaven. The ground of which assertion is this, that the soul of man is of that nature that it depends not on the body and sense, and, therefore, being separated, knows all that it knew in the body. And for this reason it is not to be doubted that it arrives in the other world with the same designs and inclinations it had here. So that the delights of conversation

are continued in heaven. Friends and relations are familiar and free with one another, and call to mind their former circumstances and concerns in the world, so far as they may be serviceable to advance their happiness.—*Edwards.*

The saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
 And the dear favors of kind heaven rehearse,
 Each feels the other's joys, both doubly share
 The blessings which devoutly they compare.
 If saints such mutual joys feel here below,
 When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,
 What joys transport them at each other's sight,
 When they shall meet in empyreal height!
 Friends, even in heaven, one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other when in bliss.

Bishop Ken.

“I see no reason why those who have been dearest friends on earth, should not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollections of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose,) a sociable being, and *capable* of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability, that he should cast off or forget his former friends who are partakers with him of the like exultation. He will indeed be greatly changed from what he was on earth, and unfitted perhaps for friendship with such a being as one of us *is now* ; but his friend will have undergone (by supposition) a corresponding change.

“And as we have seen them who have been loving play-fellows in childhood grow up, if they grow up with good, and with like dispositions, into still closer friendship

in riper years, so also it is probable that when this one state of childhood shall be perfected in the maturity of a better world, the like attachment will continue between those companions who have trod together the Christian path to glory, and have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God as friends." A change to indifference toward them who have fixed their hearts on the same objects with ourselves during this earthly pilgrimage, and have given and received mutual aid during their course, is a change as little, I trust, to be expected, as it is to be desired. It certainly is not such a change as the Scripture teaches to prepare for. And a belief that under such circumstances, our earthly attachments will remain, is as beneficial as it is reasonable. It is likely very greatly to influence our *choice* of friends, which surely is no small matter. A sincere Christian would not indeed be, at any rate, utterly careless whether these were sincere Christians also with whom he connected himself. But this case is likely to be much greater, if he hopes that, provided he shall have selected such as are treading the sure path, and if he shall have studied to promote their eternal welfare, he shall meet again, never to part more, those to whom his heart is most engaged here below. The hope also of re-joining in a better state the friend whom he sees advancing toward that state, is an additional spur to his own virtuous exertions.

Every thing which can make heaven appear more desirable, is a help towards his progress in Christian excellence; and as one of the greatest earthly enjoyments to the best and most exalted Christian is, to witness the happiness of a friend; so, one of the brightest of his hopes will

be, that of exulting in the most perfect happiness of those most dear to him."—*Whately*.

O, BEAUTEOUS are the forms that stand
Beyond death's dusky wave,
And beckon to the spirit's land,
Across the narrow grave!

No damp is on the freed one's brow,
No dimness in his eye;
The dews of heaven refresh him now,
The fount of light is nigh.

The parent souls that o'er our bed
Oft poured the midnight prayer,
Now wonder where their cares are fled,
And calmly wait us there.

The dearer still—the close intertwined
With bands of roseate hue;
We thought them fair; but now we find
'Twas but their shade we knew.

'Tis sweet, when o'er the earth unfurled
Spring's verdant banners wave,
To think how fair yon upper world,
Which knows no wintry grave.

'Tis sweet, when tempests earth deform,
And whirlwinds sweep the sky,
To know a haven from the storm
When worlds themselves must die;

To know that they in safety rest,
The tranquil barks of those
Who, soaring on life's billowy crest,
Attained to heaven's repose;

To know that brethren fondly wait
Our mansion to prepare;
That death but opes that mansion's gate,
And lo! our souls are there!

Anonymous.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view ?

Each the welcome "Come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

Hark ! how the angels, as they fly,
Sing through the regions of the sky,
Bearing an infant in their arms,
Securely freed from sin's alarms.

'Welcome, dear babe, to Jesus' breast,
Forever there in joy to rest :
Welcome to Jesus' court above,
To sing thy great Redeemer's love !

"We left the heavens, and flew to earth,
To watch thee at thy mortal birth
Obedient to thy Saviour's will,
We staid to love and guard thee still.

"We, thy protecting angels, came
To see thee blessed in Jesus' name ;
When the baptismal seal was given,
To mark thee, child, an heir of heaven.

"When the resistless call of death
Bade thee resign thy infant breath,
When parents wept, and thou didst smile,
We were thy guardians all the while.

"Now, with the lightning's speed, we bear
The child committed to our care ;
With anthems such as angels sing,
We fly to bear thee to our King."

Thus sweetly borne, he flies to rest ;
We know 'tis well—nay, more, 'tis best.
When we our pilgrim's path have trod,
O, may we find him with our God !

Richmond.

I look to recognize again, through the beautiful mask of their
perfection,
The dear familiar faces I have somewhere loved on earth ;
I long to talk with grateful tongue of storms and perils past,
And praise the mighty Pilot that hath steered us through the
rapids.

M. F. Tupper.

“ Shall we know our friends and others in Heaven? The intimations of God’s word all favor it, and these intimations accord with the irrepressible demands of the human soul. It was doubtless in part to encourage this hope that Moses and Elias appeared to the disciples, and talked with them on the Mount of glory. And if those who never met on earth are to recognize one another in heaven, shall not personal friends much more? Most evidently was it the Apostle’s expectation to recognize his Corinthian, Colossian, and Thessalonian friends ; and has he been disappointed? And will not others, yea, all the sanctified intimacies of earth be perpetuated in the everlasting home of the redeemed? Every place of holy fellowship and prayer answers yes. Every inner recess of the heart answers yes. Blessed gathering! Blessed greetings! Joyful indeed will be the mutual recognition of earthly friends who are one in Christ. Joyful indeed will be the meeting of those who have taken sweet counsel together,—who have devoutly prayed and sung together,—who have been companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. But unspeakable must be the joy of those who there behold in each other the instruments of their own conversion, or the results of their labors for the salvation of others, and jointly give all glory to a present God. And O,

what heart will then be large enough for the rapture of a successful ambassador of Christ!—of one like Paul meeting the multitudes saved through his instrumentality? Signal indeed must be the grave that shall prevent such a soul from being completely overwhelmed in the transport of that hour. To find that his ministrations were owned beyond his thoughts; that many, by his preaching, were turned to righteousness; that a prayer for some apparently hopeless sinner was answered; to find youthful professors edified, and aged saints comforted; that churches were refreshed, it may be, by his presence; that directly or indirectly, foreign evangelization was accelerated by him; and all, only because sovereign grace called, enabled and persuaded him to the same. O, it requires other than human pens to describe the emotions of such men in glory!

But what friend in heaven do we most desire to see? No one can enter there whose heart looks not first of all at Him who is seated on the great white throne. What are our ideas of the city of God? Is not Christ the light thereof? Is not the glory which he had before the world was, to be there displayed? Did the Eternal Son take a human form?—in it agonize in Gethsemane, be scourged in the judgment hall, crucified on Golgotha, sleep in the sepulchre, and rise to heaven,—and shall any other human form divert the eye from that? Are these the scars that speak of precious blood once shed for you? Are those the lips that cried “It is finished?” And will we soon withdraw our gaze? No, much as we love all other friends, there is one in the kingdom of heaven who will make us temporarily forget them all. For years—if there be years then—aye, for centuries, it may be, will the Lamb

of God absorb our souls. When we reach the city of God we shall not, first of all, grasp the hands of present acquaintances. Of such an affront to the proprieties of heaven, no one, presented at the court of the King of kings, is ever guilty. Bowing down in such gratitude as we never knew before, gazing in a holy ecstasy of love, breaking forth into high and ceaseless praises, there shall we stand age after age. Not, it may be, till the world has been burnt up,—not till the elect have all been gathered home to their Father's house, shall we think of looking away from that brightness of the Father's glory, our Saviour, our dear Redeemer. Eternity will be long enough for all the sanctified attachments of earth to have full scope. But the first song—the everlasting song will be, “Now unto him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory forever.”—*Thompson.*

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have nought that is fair?” saith he;
“Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”
The reaper said, and smiled;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.”

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Longfellow.

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death hath torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die,
To leave this blighted orb afar;
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky
And soar away from star to star.

But oh! how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties shall twine
Which death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine for ever!

It cannot be—each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,

Proclaims there is a happier sphere,
Than this bleak world that holds us now.
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers—"dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

Leggett.

And how could Abraham's bosom, the region of the blessed, be other than a state of enjoyment to the Christian? There we shall see Lazarus, and be comforted with him! There we shall see father Abraham, and rest from all our sorrows, reclining on its bosom! There we shall see the ancient patriarchs and prophets! There we shall see Jeremiah, who wept over the desolations of Israel; and Daniel, who, in defiance of the king and his nobles, prayed three times a day to his God, and whom his God saved from the mouth of the lions! There we shall find the apostles, and Luther, and Calvin, and Zwinglius, and all that host of worthies of whom the world was not worthy, who, amid a wicked and perverse generation, maintained their fidelity to the end, and received not the mark of the beast. How can the place of departed spirits fail to be a place of joy to the Christian? for there he shall meet all those pious relatives and friends whom heaven indulgent gave to him awhile, and heaven mysterious soon resumed again.

Let me be thankful for the pleasing hope that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, he will ere long bring me to it. And then that

endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one farther charm and joy even to paradise itself. Was this my desolation? this my sorrow? to part with thee for a few days, that I might receive thee for ever, (Philem., ver. 15,) and find thee what thou art? It is for no language but that of heaven, to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion.—*Doddridge*.

THERE is a land like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest ;
The wicked cease from troubling there,
The weary are at rest.

There is a land of calmest shore,
Where ceaseless summers smile,
And winds, like angel whispers, pour
Across the shining isle.

There is a land of purest mirth,
Where healing waters glide ;
And there the wearied child of earth
Untroubled may abide.

There is a land where sorrow's sons,
Like ocean's wrecks, are tossed ;
But there revive those weeping ones,
And life's dull sea is crossed.

There is a land where small and great
Before the Lord appear ;
The spoils of fortune, and of fate,
Whom Heaven alone can cheer.

There is a land where star-like shine
The pearls of Christ's renown ;

And gems, long buried in the mine,
Are jewels in his crown.

There is a land like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest ;
O for a wing to waft me there,
To fly and be at rest !

Some tell us all earthly love must die,
Nor enter the heavenly land ;
That friendship is lost above the sky
'Midst the happy and joyous band.
And can it be so ? On that blissful shore
Shall we meet the lov'd we have lost no more ?

They tell us that those unseen on earth
Shall be dear as an only child ;
And the mother belov'd, who gave us birth,
Shall be met as the savage wild !
And can it be so ? in that land of love,
Are there no joys of reunion above ?

They tell us the pastor who taught us the way
To the blessed abode of the just,
Shall know us no more in eternity's day,
Tho' the body's redeem'd from the dust.
And can it be so, in that world of bliss ?
Shall we love less *there* than we do in *this* ?

They tell us the martyr who fell on the shore,
'Mid the war-cry, and horror untold,
Shall meet his lov'd flock with joy no more
Than the merchant who traffics for gold.
And will it be so, in that golden street
Where Williams, and all he held dear, shall meet ?

Is *ignorance* found in the Spirit's home ?
Is *memory* left in the dust ?
Then shall we not feel that we stand *alone*,
As strangers among the just ?
And can it be so, in that city of light,
Where love is unfading, and joy ever bright ?

Is darkness found in that cloudless sky
 Veiling the life just pass'd :
 Forgotten the friends who saw us die
 All faithful and true to the last ?
 And can it be so ?—Shall we meet no more
 When this feverish dream of life is o'er ?

Then where is the pastor's "crown of joy,"
 And where the reward of the saint's employ ?
 And why do we cherish this restless love ?
 If all will be lost or forgotten above ?
 Oh ! can it be thus,—in that blissful place
 Where we see the redeem'd ones face to face ?

Anonymous.

"Shall I know my kindred in Heaven?"

We may expect, if Christians, to meet and know our pious kindred in the land beyond the grave.

We are not to know less hereafter. Now we know in part, but then that which is perfect will have come. This is our childhood, that shall be our maturer life, when we shall have put away childish things. Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face, and knowing as we are known. Abraham, Dives, and Lazarus, know each other. Moses and Elias are Moses and Elias still. The immortal whom John saw, Rev. xxii, 8, 9, introduced himself as a "fellow-servant," and "of his brethren the prophets;" and the Jews are to see and know Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. It cannot be that the saved shall not know each other in the heavenly land. Such an arrangement would detract indescribably from the bliss of that final state. "A stranger in heaven! The past all forgotten! Father, mother, wife, children and other kindred here, but I can never know them! I promised to meet some of them in heaven—they are here. I am here,

I may have met them, sung with them, shouted with them, harped with them, walked the streets of the city and the sea of glass with them, bowed before the everlasting throne with them, but I do not, cannot know them! Earth was the grave of friendship—I can greet those I knew and loved on earth no more forever!” Ah, no, heart stricken mourner! No such soliloquy will ever be heard beyond the grave. Heaven is a land of purest social bliss, peopled with bright circles of deathless friends. *We shall* know each other in heaven!

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

How joyful the thought of such a meeting! How blissful the prospect of such a heaven! How fondly we dwell upon the tender theme of re-union with “the loved and lost” in the regions of eternal life! We stand and gaze across the river of death, we believe and hope, and yet we love to repeat the fond interrogatory, “*Shall I know my kindred in heaven?*”—*H. Mattison.*

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

There are several objections brought against the doctrine of future recognition, some four of which we shall answer.

FIRST OBJECTION.

The great change in death.

“We shall all be changed.” This objection may be stated in a familiar way, thus: As the butterfly, sporting on a summer day, has little, if any, resemblance to the grub that slept wingless and motionless only a little while before among the clods of the valley; so the glorified body will be so changed and improved that all traces of what it was once will have vanished, and consequently a *recognition* of friends will be impossible.

The change which is to take place, especially in our bodies, at the transition of death, will in many respects be great. A little careful inquiry into this matter will show this difficulty only apparent.

A great change may take place, both in the body and spirit, without destroying their marks of identity and their peculiarities of character, by which recognition takes place.

There is a great difference between a small sapling and a full-grown tree; and yet, great as the apparent change is, the marks of its identity continue throughout all the stages of its existence.

In the different stages of human life, through infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, and age, the same being continues, carrying with him his peculiarities and powers from

one stage to the other, these marks of identity by which he is recognized as the same person.

The transfiguration of Christ was no doubt intended, in part, to give the apostles a glimpse of what they might expect when "He should change their vile bodies." Here the change which took place in their Master was great: "The fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening," "and his face did shine as the sun;" yet still they knew him from the rest amid that "excellent glory."

His glorious person was still, as to its external marks, what it was before, and could be recognized as his through the veil of holy light which enshrouded it. May not the same be the case with us in our glorified bodies?

Also after his resurrection from the dead, when the disciples were together at Jerusalem, after He had risen He appeared to them in his resurrection body. Luke xxiv., 36-44. From this passage we learn that Christ showed His disciples that His body was composed of "flesh and bones," also showed them "his hands and his feet." Here, then, they had marks even in His resurrection body, by which they might have known Him at once. Just let this whole scene be transferred to heaven; and why may not the like take place there as well as here?

SECOND OBJECTION.

If it were true, the Scriptures would be more explicit.

It would be more clearly revealed. The fact that this doctrine is not often, and then only incidentally, mentioned, is rather a proof in its favor, than against it. It shows that the truth of it was taken for granted, at the time when it was thus incidentally alluded to—it was not necessary to

propound it formally as a doctrine, but merely to allude to it as something already universally believed. In this view of the matter, one incidental allusion is even stronger than a direct assertion. Thus, if I say I traveled under the rays of the hot sun, this is the strongest possible proof that it was a clear summer day. Moreover, there are many of the most important doctrines of the Scriptures resting on precisely the same ground as this. Such, for instance, are the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the immortality of the soul, female communion, family worship, and other less prominent doctrines and duties.

THIRD OBJECTION.

Christ's answer to the Sadducees.

An objection lies here, built upon the answer which Christ gave to the Sadducees, Matt. xxii. 29, 30: "Ye do err, not knowing," &c. All that is here asserted is, that in Heaven they do not marry—it is by no means either said or intimated that they do not know each other. The Saviour could have met the difficulty which they sought in this instance, by simply denying the doctrine of heavenly recognition, and we may suppose that He would have done so were it not true. He could have said to them, Your objection amounts to nothing; for there is no knowledge of acquaintances, and no extension of earthly ties beyond the grave; even husbands and wives will have no knowledge of each other there, and hence your question, Whose wife, &c., has no force by way of objection.

He does not, however, resort to this mode of silencing them. He does not say that they shall not know each other, but only that they shall not marry—"they are as the angels of God in heaven," or as Luke says, "neither

can they *die* any more, for they are equal to the angels,"—not in every respect—not certainly in being strangers to each other eternally; but they are equally immortal as the angels; "they die no more." Because they die no more, they need no more reparation for losses through death by means of the marriage institution; hence this institution will not continue in heaven. This does not in the least intimate that the affections begotten, and the friendships formed in this relation, shall not be renewed and continue in the heavenly social life.

FOURTH OBJECTION.

It will cause partiality in Heaven.

Will it not introduce partiality in Heaven? This question indicates an objection which is, at first sight, somewhat plausible. It can, however, be easily and satisfactorily answered. Should we even find it necessary to believe, that in heaven friends would love friends more than other saints, this could be without any evil effects. For there no feeling of jealousy will exist, to take cognizance of it. No one will stop in the general joy and harmony which will characterize the heavenly intercourse, to measure with impious eye, the affections of other saints, much less desire to attract any to himself, to the disparagement of others.

Do Christians here on earth feel jealous of other Christians, because they know them to be peculiarly attached to their own kindred? Certainly not. They rather praise them for it. Peculiar individual attachments are not uncongenial in a perfect state of society. On the contrary, it is one of the most prominent and delightful features of grace in this life, that it begets and increases general love to all, and particular love to some. The strongest particu-

lar attachments that earth has ever beheld were formed and continued under the power of the Christian life. Will glory divide what grace has united?

Christ by his example encouraged particular friendship—the family of Bethany and “the beloved disciple,” showed His peculiar affections. In like manner, children that love each other are not thereby hindered, but assisted in loving others. So we see that peculiar attachments or preferences is no disparagement to other saints—the angels—or to Christ, even, as the great central light.

As the moon, in moving round the earth, does not the less move with all the other planets round the sun, so the saints in heaven, who cluster, by sweet silent attractions around the objects of their peculiar attachments, will not thereby fail to move on, with all saints, round the Saviour, as the Sun of Righteousness, in the general harmony of heaven.

In heaven, the love of God and the love of our neighbor will be our highest duty, our highest privilege, our highest joy; and so we trust it will be in reference to those *endearments* which now *constitute* the *chief charm* of life: they will be purified, strengthened, and perpetuated.

Dorr.

HEAVEN UNVEILED.

I.

"WE, ACCORDING TO HIS PROMISE, LOOK FOR NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH, WHEREIN DWELLETH RIGHTEOUSNESS."—BIBLE.

Is heaven a name, or a reality ?

A sinless world, or but a state of rest ?
An Eden that the saints shall one day see,
Or but a pleasant dreaming of the blest ?
It is a kingdom of the good and pure ;
It is a realm of loveliness and light ;
It is a perfect earth that shall endure
With God himself and all his angels bright.

It is a blissful never-ending meeting,
Above all earthly ones, replete with joys ;
Unlike all sensuous pleasures which are fleeting,
It always satisfies, but never cloy.
'Tis an inheritance that is secure ;
'Tis wealth that shall not perish in a day ;
A life of pure delight that shall endure ;
It is a crown that fadeth not away.

It is a day of everlasting light ;
 'Tis one eternal round of bliss complete ;
It is a Paradise whose lilies white
 Are blooming odorous with fragrance sweet.
The body and the mind rejoice in health ;
 Rare beauty there results from purity ;
Perfection constitutes the spirit's wealth,
 And all ensure the soul's tranquillity.

I sing the joys of heaven ! Eternity
 With all its glories opens to my view ;
The splendors of another world I see,
 Where life is perfect and forever new.
Tired of the false allurements of the age ;
 Tired of the wickedness of earth, the mind
Explores the future, and upon this page
 Records what it in all its flights doth find.

God grant me magic power of thought to tell
 The story of that dear delightful land,
Of yon supernal world to sing, where dwell
 The Infinite and all the shining band
Of angels who have dwelt forever there,
 Of saints redeemed by Christ on Calvary,
Of martyred souls that suffered—gone to share
 Celestial joys from death's dark bondage free.

Home of the dearly loved, the early lost !
Home of many a tender human flower,
Withered at once by death's untimely frost,
And taken hence in childhood's happy hour
To bloom anew beside perennial bowers,
With precious friends to be transported there
To dwell in peace secure in heavenly towers,
And drink the fragrance of those blossoms fair.

Dispel, oh mists ! that settle on my sight !
And thou, imagination, spread thy wings,
And soar above the clouds of earthly night ;
The New Jerusalem the minstrel sings.
Broad as the universe our Eden lies,
Wide as the light of heaven it doth extend,
Vast as infinity the smiling skies
That o'er the matchless realms of glory bend.

II.

"KNOWING THAT HE WHICH RAISED UP THE LORD JESUS SHALL
RAISE UP US ALSO."—BIBLE.

As when, slow sailing from the arctic zone,
A sea-bird—laden with the frozen rain—
Droops down into some lakelet warm and lone
Amid the mountains, soon to spread again
Its pinions to the breeze, and take its flight;
So doth the pilgrim drop into the tomb,
To sleep in peacefulness his little night,
Then rise in triumph from his bed of gloom.

So too, as if, upon some winter's night,
When all the landscape sleeps beneath the snows,
And the white moon withdraws her frozen light,
We sink with longing sadness to repose;
Then wake at morn, surprised to find that June's
Bright days have come with all her leafy bowers,
That birds are warbling forth their sweet love-tunes,
And all the air is fragrant with the flowers.

So shall the Christian rise from his last sleep—

The pleasant slumber of the grave—tho' brief,
'Tis filled with dreams of heaven. From darkness deep

His morn shall rise surpassing all belief
Of human soul, in loveliness and light.

Then let imagination spread her wing,
Nor furl it till before the ravished sight
Are spread the golden glories of our King.

A light more lovely than the light of morn
Illumes that world by mortals never trod ;
From out Jehovah's throne that light is born ;
It emanates from the Creator, God.
It lumes the broad and boundless fields of heaven ;
It lights the sun, the starry universe ;
Oh ! that to me the genius might be given
The splendors of its radiance to rehearse.

The skies are all arrayed in brilliant hues,
Such hues as oft a summer sunset throws
Upon them here. Far off enchanting views
Appear of purple mountains tinged with rose—
Mountains all angel-peopled to the crest
Far upward rise within the azure sheen—
And haloed hills whose mansions of the blest,
Smile down upon the vales that lie between.

Vales that no human eye could wander o'er,
And landscapes that no human art could trace,
Spread sloping to a river's radiant shore,
That flows by fairy isles in matchless grace
Midst meadows shimmering like an emerald sea,
Midst ever blooming groves in tune with birds
Of plumage rare and rarest minstrelsy,
Midst pastures mottled o'er with happy herds.

No frowning clouds do float in wrath above
That new-created earth; no storms do rage,
But gentlest winds do fan with breath of love,
The cheek of childhood and the brow of age.
No dread volcano shall discharge with fire
Its lava-tide upon the plains below;
No earthquake shake the world with fearful ire,
Causing a trembling city's overthrow.

No avalanche o'erwhelms the peaceful vale,
Making a desert where all bloomed before,
No cruel tempest with its battering hail
Shall bring gaunt famine to the poor man's door.
No fierce tornado shall sweep o'er that land,
To wreck the mansions of the blest: by gales
The softest all her lovely seas are fanned,
As swiftly o'er the seaman safely sails.

An atmosphere surrounds that Eden clime
Unchanged by fierce extremes of heat and cold ;
While all that live below are marred by time,
The habitants of heaven can ne'er grow old ;
But endless youth and joy, and pleasures pure,
Are the inheritance of dwellers there ;
All sin is banished and they rest secure,
For Jesus reigneth o'er that kingdom fair.

The seasons make their usual round. The Spring
With all its glad awakening of life,
Its plants, its flowers, its happy birds that sing
Their praises to the Lamb in friendly strife,
With laughing brooks and purling streams that flow
In songful brightness to some river's marge ;
With rivulets that carry as they go
Full many a fairy minstrel's rose-leaf barge.

And gorgeous Summer with her roses—all
The loveliest are re-created there—
And millions more whose odors never pall,
Adorn the gardens and perfume the air
With fragrance like to orchard-blooms in May,
Or like the roses of a morn in June,
Or like pale lilies when a melting ray
Of wanton sunlight kisses them at noon.

The sun shall make his glorious journey. Dawn,
With all her stainless beauty, shall be given;
And sunrise shall adorn with gems the lawn,
And sow with silver all the fields of heaven.
The sunset, too, arrayed in robes of gold,
Shall tinge the dark-green hills with amber hue,
And twilights, sweeter far than those of old,
Shall change the golden skies to rosy blue.

Not only in rich Autumn's dreamy time
On vine and tree shall luscious fruits be found;
But all the circling year in that bright clime,
On bowers of bliss fair fruitage shall abound;
And every joy the winter season brings
Shall then be ours without its chilling frost;
All happy scenes and all delightful things
That we enjoy on earth shall not be lost.

Our new-made world shall satisfy, delight,
Yea, fill with rapture every lofty mind,
Within it all pure things that bless the sight,
The ear, the heart of man we sure shall find.
Death ne'er can enter in that fair domain;
But when the records of this world shall close,
Then, then shall cease his dread despotic reign,
And back for aye be shut from whence he rose.

“Love not this world nor things that in it are,”

It is not worthy of a mortal's love.

Oh ! let the Gospel be thy guiding star,

“And thy affections place on things above.”

There is no real happiness for dwellers here,

But only now and then a throb of joy ;

Life's transient pleasures that so sweet appear

Do fascinate at first but soon destroy.

Alas ! poor fallen earth ! there's scarce a trace

Of that rare loveliness which was thy dower ;

The monster sin hath furrowed deep thy face,

And thou art even in the demon's power.

At times thou seemest beautiful ; but no

Primeval beauty, 'tis but semblance faint ;

'Tis like th'enticing harlot's tinsel show,

Made up of gaudy garb and paste and paint.

III.

"OLD THINGS ARE PASSED AWAY; BEHOLD, ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW."—BIBLE.

The mighty cities of a primal age,
Built up by human hands, are overthrown;
Naught but their names doth live on hist'ry's page,
The site whereon they flourished is unknown.
The pagan temples of the hoary past,
The gorgeous palaces of ancient kings,
Are crumbling marble—ruins stern and vast,
Where dwell the lowest of created things.

The wondrous statues of the infant world,
The lofty columns that in grandeur rose,
Prone to the earth to ruin have been hurled
Beneath the dust of ages to repose.
Upon the brow of earth is writ "DECAY;"
Disease and death do follow in her train.
We live an hour—we perish in a day,
And is there nothing that shall live again?

Must love then die when this frail body dies ?

Must all our happy friendships cease at death ?

Must faces vanish when we close our eyes,

And hopes and memories perish with our breath ?

If so, then come annihilation—come

Eternal sleep when this great struggle ends ;

Let all our being perish cold and dumb,

If heaven give not back at last our friends !

It cannot be ! the soul at last survives

The wrecks of time ; the spirit lives for aye.

The soul that suffers here—that bravely strives—

Shall rise triumphant in immortal day,

Clothed with a new-created body, fit

For that celestial state to which it tends,

Eternal as the God that fashioned it,

In whom all wisdom with perfection blends.

IV.

“FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, BUT THEN
FACE TO FACE.”—BIBLE

What joyous greetings shall take place in bliss !

Oh ! what ecstatic meetings shall we see

’Twixt friends that parted long ago in this

Bleak world, but who shall there united be.

Dear hands that when last clasped were deathly cold

And wet by many a mourner’s bitter tear,

Shall give a fonder pressure than of old,

When through the weary years they labored here.

Faces that when we gazed upon them last,

Beneath a coffin lid lay cold and pale,

Shall sweeter smile than when in the dim past

They smiled consent to love’s inspiring tale.

They loved on earth and now they love again ;

The once dread farewell word shall ne’er be spoken ;

The hearts are bound in one that death made twain,

The tie that binds them there shall ne’er be broken.

Sister ! do thorns obstruct thy pathway here ?

Art mourning that thy brightest dreams are cross'd ?

Repine no more ! shed no regretful tear ;

Kind heaven shall give thee back thy brother lost,
In all the beauty of his youthful prime,

With every grace that from redemption springs,
With form more perfect than was his in Time,

When bowed with griefs that stern misfortune brings.

Mother ! whose babe sinks sweetly into rest,

Who sees in all its innocence its sad eyes close,
Who folds its hands across a sinless breast,

And leaves it lonely to its long repose,
Weep not ! for thou didst give a cherub birth ;

Soon to thy waiting arms it shall be given ;
The precious bud that might not bloom on earth
Shall blossom in the garden fields of heaven.

Brother ! art weary with thy heavy load ?

Are life's misfortunes hard for thee to bear ?
Take heart ! the martyrs travelled the same road ;

With them thou shalt a crown of glory wear.
Father ! thy journeyings here are almost done ;

How thick around thy form death's shafts are hurl'd !
Thou soon shalt see the setting of thy sun,
But it shall rise upon a new-made world.

Daughter! mourn not thy angel mother; she,
Thy light upon life's rugged pathway here;
Her counsels live, and she shall live to be .

Thy guardian angel in another sphere.
And friends whose hearts were like the needle true,
Though cruel death hath long divided them,
Yet, in a few more years they shall renew
Their friendships in the New Jerusalem.

But what shall be our occupation there?

To what employ shall we devote our powers?
In what delightful labor shall we share

In those bright cycles of uncounted hours?
Be first and highest, adoration—praise—

Praise to the Ruler of the realms of heaven.
And all the choirs of Paradise shall raise
Their voices, and ten thousand songs be given

To the Redeemer sitting on His throne,

Beside His Father, God; like to the roar
Of seas, when o'er them sweeps the great cyclone,

They then shall give Him praise for evermore!
For evermore! can this poor fettered mind

Measure its limitless duration? Never!
Till it is freed from sin. It then shall find

In heaven revealed the meaning of "forever!"

O glorious home! the city of our God—
The gorgeous city with its sapphire walls;
The golden streets no mortal ever trod,
Its diamond palaces with wondrous halls!
There we shall meet—there will be gathered in
The mighty host that shall hereafter dwell
In this dark world—redeemed from sin—
To praise His name who doeth all things well.

V.

“THEY SHALL PLANT VINEYARDS AND EAT THE FRUIT OF
THEM; THEY SHALL NOT LABOR IN VAIN.”—BIBLE.

How sweet the thought! it charms away despair,
That, when we're passed that soul-releasing birth,
Our present joys we'll have, and follow there
The innocent pursuits we loved on earth.
Earth's floral Edens are as naught beside
The gardens of that region of the blest
Where God and all His shining hosts abide,
Where all the ransomed of creation rest.

Do we love flowers? we'll tend them there on high;
There they shall flourish in perennial bloom,
There they shall blossom but shall never die,
Nor lose in life one breath of their perfume.
The flowers that we do nurse with tenderest care
Until they seem of rays of glory made,
Smile but a little while in beauty rare,
Then, even in the midst of Summer, fade.

But through the boundless fields of Paradise,
The perfect senses of the saints they bless,
They wake to life and never close their eyes,
But bloom for ever in their loveliness.
We'll wander o'er those fair Elysian fields,
The mountains and the forests we'll explore,
And cull the sweetest flowers that heaven yields,
And love to name them as we did of yore.

Do we love Nature as we journey here?
The lovely landscape under silver skies,
Blue rivers rippling in the sunlight clear,
The autumn groves with all their rainbow dyes?
Or love to wander in the woods of Spring,
And there recline beneath the whispering trees—
To hear the cascade's song—the brooklet sing?
Or gaze upon the grandeur of the seas?

So we shall love throughout His universe
To gaze upon the wondrous works of God,
To range in worlds unblighted by the curse
Of sin—where no fell demon ever trod.
Broad realms of beauty, that eternity
Will scarce suffice the saints to wander o'er,
Shall then be open to the pilgrim free,
To be in bondage to decay no more.

Doth music charm thine ear? do dulcet sounds
Entrance thy being? and when melody
At morn in all the atmosphere surrounds
Thy home, dost wish that Song might never die?
Or when the wingéd minstrels of the Spring
Do warble out their mystic numbers, and—
As if the earth were still an Eden—sing
Their orisons of praise, a sinless band;

Or when upon the air a bugle note
Comes pealing o'er the waters thrillingly,
Or when the flute's melodious tones do float
Upon the breeze, do they enrapture thee?
And when within the old cathédral dim
The organ thunders and the choir throws
A soul into the music of the hymn,
Dost wish the harmony might never close?

Rejoice, oh, earth-bound soul! Sublimar song
Than ever echoed since the world began,
Shall burst in anthems from the ransomed throng,
That sings the earth all purified, and man
Redeemed. Song shall pervade the universe
Of God; and voices that shall never tire
Like those of earth, shall then for aye rehearse
God's love, one vast, one myriad-angel choir.

And I doubt not that all the grand old songs
That have inspired the Christian here below
Shall then be sung by fair seraphic throngs
Till e'en the heavens with song shall overflow.
"Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling strains" shall rise,
Perhaps Old Hundred's chiming thunders roll;
Or "Coronation" fill the airs of Paradise,
And bid sweet memories thrill along the soul.

And oh! pale devotee of science! thou
Who dost delight to study out the laws
That govern nature and its workings now,
And seek'st to know of all results the cause,
And day and night through all the fleeting years
Dost delve into the depths of mystery,
Until thy baffled vision scarcely peers
Into that dread unknown, futurity,

Take heart ! In that fair future world of light,
The mysteries of science shall be plain ;
And realms of knowledge fill the mental sight,
And ope their treasures to th'immortal brain.
There thou shalt study, but with perfect mind,
Untrammelled by the gyves that bind thee here ;
There untold wealth of wisdom thou shalt find,
When pain departs and reason's eye is clear.

And oh ! thou dreaming poet, who dost muse
Prophetic of the future, and dost sing
Another Eden like the first, who views
This earth transformed into a thing
Of perfect beauty, and behold'st her sons
Lifted once more into the dignity
Of royal manhood, pure and sinless ones,
Freed from the primal curse, for ever free,

Dream on ! Thy dreams shall soon be realized,
Thy prophecies shall come to pass. This world
For which the Saviour Jesus agonized,
Shall be redeemed, and Death and Sin be hurled
Down, down to nether realms of darkness where
Foul demons congregate—the place where all
The enemies of Truth and Justice share
Eternal judgment in perpetual thrall.

VI.

"THIS MORTAL SHALL PUT ON IMMORTALITY."—BIBLE.

Ah yes! the new-born earth shall then wheel on
In majesty through starry realms of space,
And man, immortal man shall dwell upon
Her fair domain, a heaven-exalted race.
Oh, skeptic! dost thou doubt this pleasant truth —
Dost doubt that fallen man shall live again?
Dost doubt that earth shall live in endless youth,
Dost think that all the Christian's hopes are vain?

Nature reproves thy stupid doubting. E'en
Heathen philosophers refute thee. All
The pagan tribes that ever yet have been,
Proclaimed that man shall live—that at the call
Of heaven the slumbering dead shall rise
Divested of their mouldering clay, arrayed
In body incorruptible, that dies
No more, but dwells in light that ne'er shall fade.

Oh, skeptic ! heed th'important lesson ; heed
The warnings of great Nature's voice ; arrange
Thy trifling cares, that in thy sorest need
Thou may'st be ready for the last great change.
For come it must to all, or soon or late,
Tho' none but God can tell the awful hour ;
Prepare, oh man ! for thy approaching fate,
Nor foolish throw away a priceless dower.

Child of the grave ! go out with me at night
And gaze into that boundless vault of blue.
Behold the universe of suns that light
The domain of a God. Upon the view
Unnumbered as the waves of ocean, when
'Tis fanned by gentle winds—appear the stars ;
And realms of space, beyond all human ken,
That ne'er shall be explored till life unbars

The gates that shut the soul away—perchance
Are filled with glowing orbs, that, as they burn,
Light other worlds that glitter 'neath the glance
Of Him who fashioned them ! Then, mortal, turn,
And view thyself clothed in a form divine—
Endowed with reason and with wondrous thought ;
And tell me if thou canst, oh ! reader mine,
If suffering virtue struggles here for naught ?

Believe it not ! A God that can create
From chaos mighty worlds, as well can save—
Can bid the mouldering body soon or late
Arise with life immortal from the grave.
Then sing ! O traveller on life's highway ;
Fear not while passing through the night of gloom ;
Rejoice ! O mourner who hath lain away
Dear ones ; ye soon shall meet beyond the tomb.

VII.

"NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE."—BIBLE.

Ah ! who can gaze upon a world like this,
And pray not for a better, holier sphere
Beyond the confines of this wilderness,
Where war and all its woes shall ne'er appear ?
A pall of misery shrouds this fated earth ;
'Tis filled with ravages of sin and crime ;
Our very lives, e'en from the hour of birth,
Alas ! are but one endless mourning-time.

What pen can trace the dread realities

Of war? What artist paint its horrors? Who
Can e'er recount the woes—the tragedies

That mark the battle-field? Approach and view
The scene of carnage: See that lurid cloud

That hangs above it like the pall of fate;
Ten thousand maddened men together crowd,
With fell ferocity and demon hate.

The ear is deafened by the cannon's roar—

The thunder of the battle, and the cries
Of men. The earth is sodden by their gore;

A trodden desert all their landscape lies.
The blessed shining sun is veiled from sight,
The fresh green grass is crimsoned o'er with blood;
The angel, Mercy, weeps above the fight,
The silver brook becomes a scarlet flood!

Now fierce the battle rages, and now thickly fall

The dead and dying, like the autumn leaves
When beaten by the hail; while, over all

The scene, the tender heart of pity grieves.
Now forward the opposing hosts advance!

The struggling legions have in fury met;
And long between the foes, with sword and lance,
Red slaughter rages till the sun is set.

The day is lost ! The twilight gathers round ;
O'er all the plain a fearful gloom is spread ;
The wounded cry for succor, but no sound
Arises from the silent ghastly dead.
All night upon that gory field they lie
Beneath the pitying stars ; there, there alone
They suffer, with no friend to linger nigh ;
Their cries are mingled with the wind's low moan.

Go, count the desert's vast expanse of sand,
And number well the mighty ocean's waves ;
O'er all the earth and sea, in every land,
The curse of war has made as many graves.
Must this continue on through endless years ?
Earth still be shrouded in the gloom of woe ?
Then God himself delights in all the tears,
And sorrows of His children here below.

It cannot be ! As pure as when with grand
Creative power this mighty globe was hurled
Upon its endless journey, from His hand,
Ere long, it shall revolve again a perfect world ;
Freed from the foul corruption of the age,
Freed from the treachery of heartless men ;
Freed from the sordid soul-polluting page
Of those who wield a hell-inspired pen.

VIII.

“BEHOLD WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE.”—BIBLE.

Terrestrial bliss ! 'tis but an idle dream ;
And who expects it here shall wait in vain ;
They have not learned life's lesson, who may deem
That happiness can coexist with pain ;
Happiness seems a most delightful thing
To mortals, while in this dark world they grope ;
Ah me ! 'tis like a fixed star's glittering !
There is no pleasure left us but in hope.

Happiness, ah ! it has a royal sound ;
It is a fairy voice that leads us on :
We seek the hidden form and when 'tis found
We grasp the lovely phantom—but 'tis gone !
Happiness ! 'tis a fancy of the brain !
'Tis like a lovely vision of our sleep ;
We live a breath, forgetful of our pain,
And then we wake, but wake, alas ! to weep.

Go, ask the man of wealth and fortune, who
Puts on the glitter and the show of wealth,
If he be happy ; list his answer true :
“ I'll give it all for one rare jewel—health.”
Behold him pass in golden livery,
Envied by fools—the victim, too, of hate ;
And yet how far from happiness is he,
Perplexed with doubts about his future state.

Obtains he praise ? it is a flatterer's lie ;
Or has he fame ? the breath of any clown !
With all his tinsel gems he ne'er can buy
A saint's contentment nor an angel's crown.
He hoards his gold—it is the prey of thieves ;
He piles up wealth—it breeds a world of cares.
At last, like any slave, he dies and leaves
His gathered treasure to contending heirs.

And oh ! thou scholar, who hath struggled up
Through poverty, perhaps, to learning's mount,
Thou know'st full well, in life thou canst but sup
One little taste from the perennial fount
Of knowledge ; but far distant thou canst see
From thence a boundless ocean to explore.
Thou canst not quench thy thirst, but thou must be
In time a feeble swimmer near the shore.

Thou mighty man of learning ! who hast scanned
A thousand tomes, hast written many, too,
Thou hast thy secret sorrows, for thy hand
Hath done some things that thou would'st fain undo ;
Perhaps a few have loved thee, and a few
Have e'en expressed their admiration. Some
Do look on thee with malice, and pursue
Thee with the venom of a reptile dumb.

The poet, also, crowned with wreath of bays ;
While many a generous heart there be that kens
His worth, the world doth ridicule his lays,
And critics goad him with their poisoned pens.
But if he have (poor man !) no other goal
Than fame's to reach, and have not hope to bless,
The shafts of envy shall transfix his soul,
And fill his future life with bitterness.

Perhaps when on imagination's wing
He soars on high, a glimpse of yon bright Land
May beam upon his sight, and bid him sing
With all the fervor of a cherub band.
But sorrow soon doth mingle with his song,
And grief shall change it to a plaintive strain,
Then like a wounded bird that's fluttered long,
He droops and dies upon the dusty plain.

Behold the honored statesman ! Dost thou think
That, while on Fame's proud pinnacle he stands,
He has no cup of bitterness to drink—
That there he sits secure from wicked hands ?
Behold the martyred Lincoln ! him the great,
The good, the gentle as a winsome child !
Struck as an angel from his lofty state—
The nation to its loss unreconciled.

And all the mighty conquerors who sweep
From this poor world its beauty and its bloom,
And cause its crushed inhabitants to weep,
And make its flowery surface one great tomb,
All shall be filled with misery at last ;
The victims of inevitable fate ;
For retribution follows fierce and fast,
And wreaks terrific vengeance soon or late !

IX.

"AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH."—BIBLE.

Death, death! the dread of all that dwell below,
The poisoner of every earthly joy—
He ne'er can enter where the ransomed go,
Though here he reigns a demon to destroy :
Though here he rages like a fiend unbound
With power to prey upon the human race—
To cull the fairest flowers that bloom around
And plant them in his gloomy dwelling-place.

The surface of the globe is but a grave,
'Tis one vast tomb in which the dead are lain,
Unnumbered as the ripples of the wave,
And countless as the atoms of the plain.
The very soil on which we daily tread
Is but the dust of those that once had life,
And down upon the ocean's oozy bed
Have millions sunk beneath the stormy strife.

The spoiler Death doth enter every home;
He culls from thence the sweetest and the fairest;
He enters, too, 'neath every palace dome,
And takes at will the beautiful, the rarest.
He enters oft (alas! with stealthy tread)
The little humble cottage by the way,
And rudely takes its sole supporting head,
Bringing despair where all till then was gay.

With wanton zeal he enters many a place,
Where every bosom overflows with gladness—
Too often takes the one whose winning grace
Beguiled full many a heart of half its sadness.
The tender infant of a few short days
Doth wither at his touch, and quickly dies.
The aged, for some reason, longer stays,
But he at last must close his weary eyes.

Oh, primal curse! his reign is everywhere;
O'er all the continents his rule extends;
He roams the world on every thoroughfare,
And while there's life his conquest never ends.
In every family, in every land
Are dark habiliments and bitter weeping
For some lost member of a happy band
Whose dearest eyes are closed in deathly sleeping.

Death reigns triumphant on the ocean. Oh!

When storm and tempest shake the slumbering sea,
And all the maddened winds begin to blow,

He then enjoys a kind of fiendish glee.

Proud ships are dashed like bubbles on the rocks;

Their crews sink down with but a smothered groan;

'Tis then the puny might of man he mocks,

Ah! then he rules the dreary deep alone!

How sad to look upon a human face

Whose features death hath set his signet on!—

And hourly see depart each lovely grace

That made it once so sweet to look upon!

To see (once red) those purple fevered lips

Essay to speak a farewell word with pain—

To see the sad eyes close in death's eclipse,

And limbs to stiffen ne'er to move again!

X.

"AND I WILL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS FROM OFF THEIR FACES."
—BIBLE.

This world is but a vale of tears ; alas !

Mankind have wept through all the centuries ;
E'er since that erring pair were called to pass
From Eden, tears have mingled with our bliss.
We weep, we laugh, and then we weep again ;
It is the same sad round of joy and tears ;
From tears to triumphs, and from peace to pain ;
Even our hopes do alternate with fears.

Great prophets of the elder world have wept
Over the lands they labored to restore,
And midst the vile abominations kept
Their hearts still pure ; but they shall weep no more.
With lamentations of the soul they saw
The wide-spread desolations sin had made,
Then plead submission to offended law,
They plead Jehovah's claims must be obeyed.

And Jesus, gazing o'er Jerusalem,
Wept holy tears, as none but He could weep ;
Pure tears of love divine, each one a gem,
In worth above all treasures of the deep.
But Jesus weeps no more. His mission here
Is ended. Now in heaven He doth rest—
All tears are banished from that holy sphere,
With full fruition all the saints are blessed.

On earth, unto the poor and the oppressed,
This life is but a heritage of tears ;
With hope of future glory only blessed
They plod in toil and sorrow all their years.
Oh ! let them bear with fortitude their woes,
And look to Him who bore His cross alone,
Then He will sure sustain them till life's close,
And bid them sit beside Him on His throne.

But oh ! cheer up, sad heart, nor longer dwell
On earthly pictures of such sombre hue,
But turn thine eyes towards Paradise and tell
What other visions open to thy view.
Rejoice ! for there shall be no death in heaven ;
Exult then, O my brother, in thy hope ;
For fear from out thy soul shall hence be driven,
When first the portals of the skies do ope.

Then farewell earth and welcome death, if we,
Led on by Hope, may wander safely through
His dark domain to grand eternity!
There we can catch the soul-reviving view
Of glory infinite. There joys supreme,
Beyond the faint conception of the mind,
Then brightly upon th'immortal brow shall beam
Far, far above the splendors left behind.

XI.

"ARE THEY NOT MINISTERING SPIRITS SENT FROM GOD?"—
BIBLE.

Oft when we close our eyes by day or night,
The forms that we have loved do hover nigh;
They throng sweet visions on our mental sight,
In all the beauty of the days gone by.
And faces fair as pictures of the morn,
Do smile us welcome there; and voices dumb
For long, long weary years (now heaven-born,)
Do move the lips that gently whisper "come!"

As one, when on a quiet summer ocean,
Beholds the sun rise proudly from the sea,
Whose blushing waters sparkle with emotion,
And smile a welcome to his majesty :
Who sees, enchanted, azure clouds, with gold
And silver edges, float around the sun,
Like lakelets hung in air, so doth unfold
The heaven a soul redeemed hath won.

“Saved ! saved !” the new-created being cries,
And songs triumphant warble from his tongue,
According with the music of the skies,
In melodies no mortal ever sung.
Now, now begins to him a life of joy ;
A life of peace, yea, happiness supreme ;
And looking back to earth’s insane employ,
The past doth seem a dark and troubled dream.

The worthies of the ancient world are there ;
The patriarchs that feared Jehovah’s name,
The prophets, too, that home of glory share
With Him they were commissioned to proclaim.
The apostles, too, that spread the gospel’s light,
And preached salvation through the name of Christ,
Dwell in that world unutterably bright ;
For heaven their lives on earth they sacrificed.

The Christian heroes of more modern age
Are holy saints and like the angels now ;
The martyrs, too, who sank beneath the rage
Of bigotry, no more are called to bow
Before a popish or a pagan shrine,
Or suffer death from torture or from flame ;
For now they sing the praise of love divine,
Forgetful of the world from which they came.

Forgetful of the dungeon cold and dark,
Forgetful of the hunger and the frost,
Forgetful of the time when life's frail bark
Upon the sea of misery was tossed.
Forgetful of the gibbet and the sword,
Forgetful of the torment of the stake,
They dwell with Him whom they on earth adored,
And everlasting songs of glory wake.

'Twere needless that the holy muse should trace
The names, the precious names, that fill
The sacred list. Of every tongue and race
They were—their words and deeds are living still,
Familiar as the faces of our friends,
Familiar as the voices of the day,
Familiar as the sky that o'er us bends,
They are and so they shall remain for aye !

XII.

"FOR SIN SHALL NOT HAVE DOMINION OVER YOU."—BIBLE.

Then shall exist the glorious brotherhood
That we so long have hoped on earth would reign ;
There each will seek his neighbor's perfect good,
And none shall have one reason to complain.
And what shall then perfect the happiness
Of those who enter through the pearly gate ?
All forms of sin that language can express,
Shall be excluded from that royal state.

Mean selfishness that blindly deems itself
The only one created fit to live ;
And avarice that lives for only pelf,
Who'd rather rob a starving child, than give ;
And pride, that seeks to overshine
Its peers with plumes that fashion doth confer ;
And vanity, that thinks it quite divine
To inhale the breath of every flatterer !

Ambition, too, that for the bauble fame,
Will scourge the nations with its bloody rod ;
And aristocracy, that boasts its name,
And loves its sounding titles more than God ;
Slander, that, vampire-like, doth love to feast
Upon the good man's name with lying speech ;
And lust, whose baser passions than the beast
Devour itself and all within its reach ;

Intemperance, that fills the world with shame,
And drags its thousands to the drunkard's grave ;
And war, whose gleaming falchion like a flame
Devours like a plague the good, the brave ;
Base treachery, all schemes since Adam's fall,
To curse mankind, that ever yet had birth ;
Crime, lying, misery, contention—all
Shall be excluded from that perfect earth.

Thank God ! there are no rivalries in heaven
To foster strife and bigotry and pride ;
All happiness from thence would soon be driven ;
Where strife exists there love doth soon subside.
But like the Trinity the saints are one ;
Their interests, their hopes are all the same,
The chorus of their song—"Thy will be done,"
And "everlasting honors crown Thy name."

In all that vast unnumbered host shall reign
One mind, one heart, one virtue—purity ;
And all the virtues follow in its train,
Crowned by the best and sweetest—charity !
Where charity prevails in every soul
There is no room for discord—all is peace ;
The happy throng yield to its sweet control,
Hence their supernal joys shall never cease.

O, pleasant world ! and bright beyond compare
With anything that on this earth exists.
Our scenes of beauty are as brief, as rare,
And always clouded o'er with circling mists.
O, happy beings ! that admitted there,
Dwell midst its splendors in perpetual peace,
Rejoice ! let glorious hope cast out despair,
For all our joys and graces shall increase.

Some holy men there be who fondly think
That Paradise is but a place of rest—
That there'll be nothing else to do but drink
At pleasant founts in mansions of the blest.
Ah ! heaven is a country of activity—
It is one secret of its happiness—
“ There are no idlers there ; ” yet all are free
To follow what shall most enhance their bliss.

XIII.

“THERE IS NOTHING HIDDEN THAT SHALL NOT BE KNOWN.”—
BIBLE.

There we shall learn the structure of the soul,
There we can solve the mystery of the mind ;
All elements shall be within control,
All hidden things of nature we shall find.
The mysteries of life we then shall know ;
The untimely loss of friends, and why the young
Are taken from us ere the aged go,
And why the heart with agony is wrung.

And why the infant, pure and innocent,
Must suffer, days and nights, death's agonies,
While hardened wretches, oft on murder bent,
May live and die all painless and with ease.
And why the Christian, he of holy life,
May suffer penury and grief ; while he
Who lives long years with every good at strife
May revel in the midst of luxury.

There learn the secrets of creation ; how
Jehovah holds His planets in their course,
And known shall be—what is a secret now—
The unsolved problem of magnetic force.
The great atoning scheme, ordained on high,
The birth of Christ, His deeds, why He was slain,
How Jesus for a wretched world should die—
In that illumined land shall be made plain.

When lightning plays athwart the leaden sky,
Amidst the tumult of a thunder-shower,
Mankind do shudder as the storm goes by,
The helpless victims of its subtle power.
But there its mystery is understood,
And though across the upper skies it dash,
It shall not strike the noble and the good,
'Twill be as harmless as the meteor's flash.

All knowledge we in vain have striven for ;
Science, that doth evade our weary powers,
Beauty, that passed from earth forever, nor
Shall love be wanting ; all shall then be ours.
Clear to our eyes shall all the future be,
Not long on earth shall her poor pilgrims plod ;
There we shall understand the Trinity,
And solve the wondrous mystery of God !

Then hail ! celestial state ! O hail ! all hail
Serenest land ! whose skies are ever bland,
Where all the perfumed airs of heaven prevail,
Full freighted with the songs of that bright band.
O perfect world ! thou art not very far ;
I gaze on thy surpassing brilliancy ;
Thou art my morning and my evening star,
And till life's close I'll keep my eyes on thee !

This earth approaches the abyss of night—
Portentous signs of some great change appear—
And good and evil gather for the fight,
And prophecy proclaims the end is near.
Her cup of bitterness is running o'er,
Her time of tribulation draweth nigh ;
Soon shall her continents from shore to shore
Be made to tremble from her agony !

But they who stand upon the Rock of Ages
Shall then be safe—redeemed by love and grace
Divine ; and though the storm terrific rages,
It never shall disturb their resting-place.
And though the earth from out its orbit fall,
And flaming down to realms of night be hurled,
Ah ! then, triumphant at Jehovah's call,
The good shall gather to his new-made world

How endless to the idler seems the day,
And to the convict slow it drags along ;
But quick to the employed it flies away,
The very hours do seem a constant song.
How short the night to him whose sleep is sweet !
How brief from evening to the morrow morn !
He shuts his eyes, all labor is complete ;
He opens them, another day is born.

So, too, the Christian, when, his labor done—
And always in his strife with evil brave—
Now bids farewell to life's departing sun,
And like the Saviour sinks into the grave.
Though e'en a century the night of death,
'Tis like the sleep of infancy to him,
Repose is sweet, it passes like a breath ;
He walks at morn among the cherubim.

Soon shall arrive that glorious dawning-time ;
I see its opening splendors in the east ;
Methinks I hear the soul-entrancing chime
Of angels calling to the heavenly feast.
Be patient, soul, and do thy duty well,
Be ready, for thy griefs shall soon be o'er ;
Then free from sin and sorrow, thou shalt dwell
In that delightful land for evermore.

XIV.

“IN MY FATHER’S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS.”—BIBLE.

O mansions of the blest ! O peaceful homes !
That shine like gems amid a golden setting,
When safe beneath your light-reflecting domes
There’s no unhappy thought, there’s no regretting.
Upon the hill-sides, in the vales of heaven,
They glitter like a palace in the sun,
While hues divine, above the primal seven,
Do rest most lovingly upon each one.

Within them shall be found all furniture
A being sanctified could e’er desire—
(For to the pure in heart all things are pure),
All things a perfect judgment might admire,
Shall there provided be. And I doubt not
Sweet instruments we loved on earth to hear,
(For melodies of time are unforgot)
Shall add to our delight in that bright sphere.

Without, surrounding them, are gardens fair
It were a constant joy to cultivate,
While on the graceful trees hang fruits so rare
And richer far than mortal ever ate.
No worm is gnawing darkly at the roots,
Defying oft the gardener's skill and art,
No poisonous insect stings the tender fruits,
Nor steals the fragrance from the rosebud's heart.

The bowers of bliss are never-fading bowers,
Though changing oft, their hues are ever bright ;
They drink refreshment from celestial showers,
They blossom every morn, and never blight.
Secluded paths go winding 'mong the trees,
And find perchance a river's pebbly side,
Where softly wafted by the tuneful breeze
The shining yachts like graceful swans do glide.

More lovely trees than ever flourished here
Extend their branches far to left and right,
While many fountains throw their waters clear
Among the boughs, and seem like liquid light.
And trees of life in every garden stand,
On every mount, and hill, by every river,
They bloom and bear throughout that better land,
And they who eat thereof shall live forever.

All trees, all flowers, all plants of priceless worth,
That are beloved by virtue here below,
Shall be transplanted to that blessed earth,
And there again we shall behold them grow.
And birds, that strive to make the morns of time
Seem like a paradise of happiness,
Shall be transported to that Eden clime,
To join the seraphs in their songs of bliss.

Whatever else that is of value here
When vice and misery are swept away,
Shall then be reproduced in yonder sphere,
To bless the habitants of heaven alway.
All memories of happy scenes shall live
To multiply the pleasures of the soul,
All dear affections be retained to give
Supernal sweetness to the perfect whole.

Oh, if the beauties of that land were known,
And its attractions better understood,
How few would seek for fame and wealth alone!
How many seek their own eternal good!
Then let the poet and the preacher dwell
Upon its loveliness with speech and song,
And all mankind shall love the story well,
And learn to love the truth and shun the wrong.

XV.

"THERE SHALL I KNOW EVEN AS I AM KNOWN."--BIBLE.

When far away, in foreign climes, we roam,
 When sad and lonely, how we long to fly
 Back swiftly to our own delightful home!
 We urge the lagging hours to hasten by
 That we may meet the chosen one of youth,
 Who, midst her group of children, long doth wait
 Our coming. Oh, her innocence and truth
 Are like an angel's as she lingers late!

So we, with Christian patience, long to meet
 Dear ones who left our presence long ago;
 We pine, we suffer for communion sweet
 'Twas ours to share when they were here below.
 That mother who was dear to us as life,
 Who was our guardian with unequalled love;
 That child, that bride, that dear, devoted wife,
 Shall greet us in that chosen land above!

What dazzling brightness rests upon their faces !

No eyes but saints' can look upon them now ;
Behold them crowned with all angelic graces,
Bright haloes bending o'er each sacred brow.

All clad in beautiful apparel, white

As is the virgin snow of winter morn,
Fair as Aurora in her car of light,

When she proclaims a summer day is born.

Their memories wander with us on our way,

Their loving influence lingers as a light ;
Their voices seem to chide us when we stray,
Or hover, watching o'er us, in the night.

We'll search for them with fond expectancy,

When once admitted to that Eden home ;
We'll meet them, too, when we from earth are free,
We'll rest with them, no more from them to roam.

Farewell, loved theme ! the minstrel's song is done !

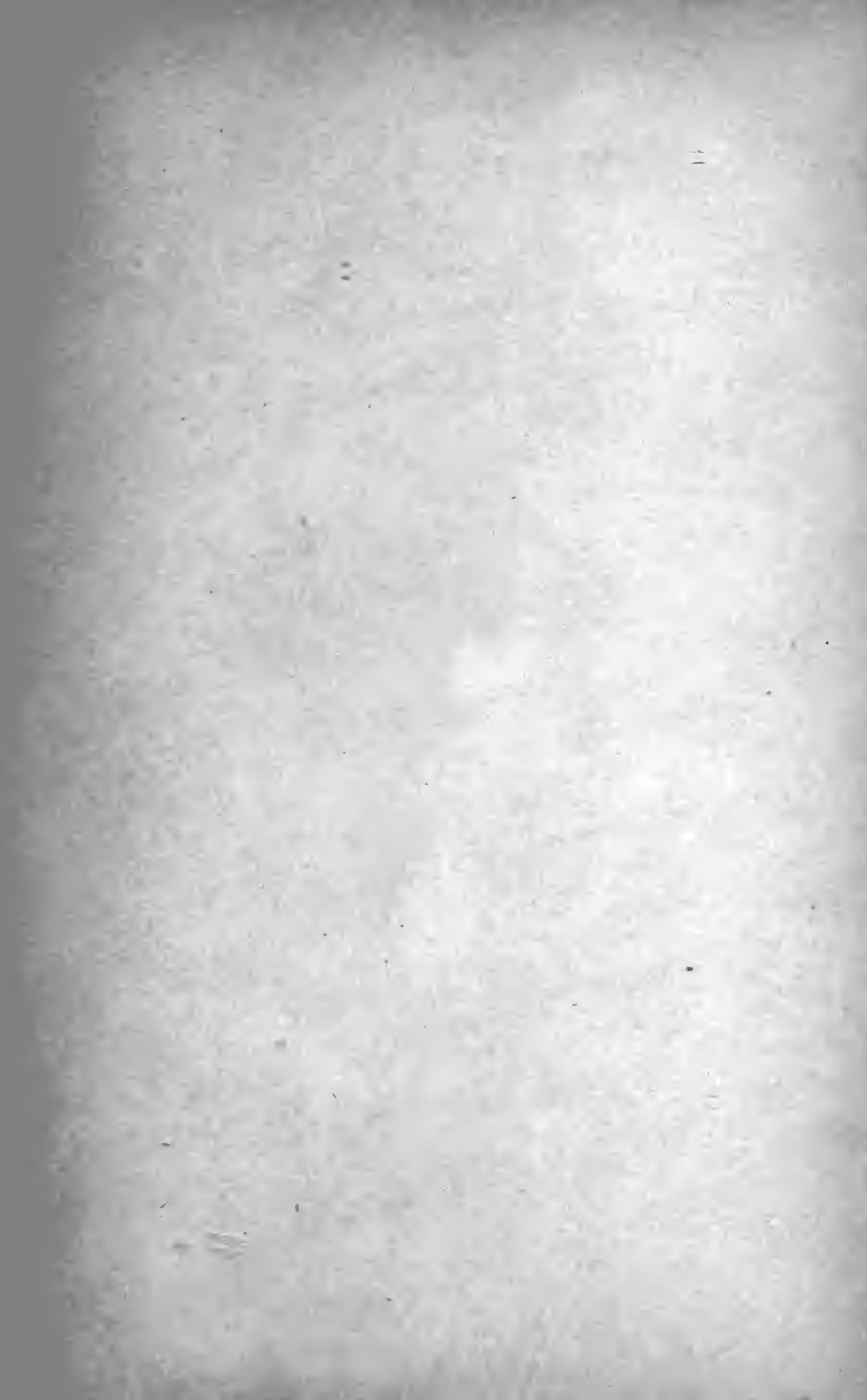
When "HEAVEN UNVEILED" his spirit eyes shall see,
May he again resume the song begun,

Inspired by heaven's unveiled sublimity !
And when he wins the harp, the crown, the palm,
United with that vast unnumbered throng,
We oft may wake one grand inspiring psalm,
And fill the new-created world with song.











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